

Sports

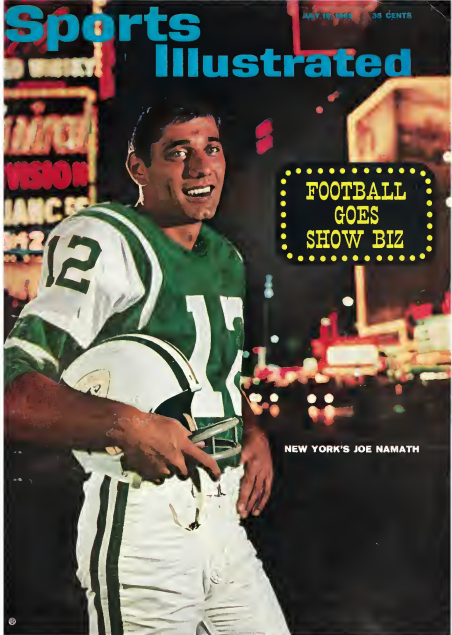
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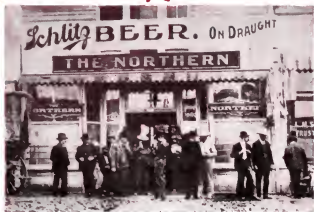
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Next week

ARNOLD PALMER is recognized as the master of golf's trouble shots, a man renowned for hitting the ball into woods and weeds and then successfully smashing it out again. In a three-part series that ranks as a distilling sequel to his book *My Game and Yours* (E.S., July 15, 1963 #1 seq.), Palmer discusses his philosophy of trouble shots and shows—with photographs and diagrams—how to hit the most common ones.

A TRYING TREK, with hilarious audio, takes Writer Alvin Haggins through the red rock and purple sage of Utah's 250,000-acre Glen Canyon, the newest national park in the U.S.

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During the past fortnight or so, the byline of Staff Writer John Lovesey has appeared over three major stories from well-separated European sporting venues: Le Mans (June 28 issue), the Henley Regatta (last week) and the British Open at Royal Birkdale (page 16 of this issue). The pace is not at all atypical of Lovesey, who happens to be the foreign source upon which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED depends most heavily. John, you see, is as unique as the Cantabrigian liddlywinks team that he once wrote about: he is SI's only editorial staff member based outside of New York, lucky bloke.

That circumstance and his own reportorial ability have taken Lovesey to Ghana to cover Cassan Clay's conquest of Africa; to Helsinki for Jim Beatty's second sub-four-minute mile in four days; to Hungary for a story on Laszlo Papp, the only professional athlete behind the Iron Curtain; to Cairo for a world shooting championship; and to the Greek island of Corfu where he spent most of the time in swimming trunks while researching a story on the Club Méditerranée ("Moe went like that, please," cabled Lovesey).

A brown-haired, 32-year-old English-

man of medium height and engaging manner, Lovesey lives with his wife and four children in London, which has placed him within easy range of such newsworthy European sports figures as Roger Bannister, Stirling Moss, Jimmy Clark, Toralf Engan, Pentti Nikula, Tony Boyden, Terry Downes and such itinerant Americans as Pete Dawkins, Floyd Patterson, Buddy Edeken and Florence Chadwick. A football (soccer) fan by inclination, Lovesey has learned to appreciate almost every sport known to European man.

At Hampton Grammar, Lovesey is in a class selected for intensive study designed to win university places. Instead, John joined Time & Life at the age of 15 as an office boy. After two years in the Royal Air Force, Lovesey was promoted by Managing Editor Andre Laguerre, then Time Inc.'s London Bureau Chief, to "the embryo state of whatever my job is now." John remembers his first bylined piece for SI, an account of the 1957 Cornell-Yale final at Henley, with mixed feelings. He mistakenly called it the first all-American final, an error picked up by a reader and acknowledged in an editorial comment beginning, "Lovesey, we Lovesey not." "The only pleasure I got out of that," he says, "was the sly satisfaction that the editors misspelled my name."

Editors notwithstanding, Lovesey himself fits his description of the sportsmen he meets: "generally happy, well-rounded characters." Of course, some peculiar things have happened. "Hilariously," Lovesey recalls solemnly, "I once broke my leg on an SI assignment, covering a course at one of Britain's Outward Bound physical conditioning schools." He was left unimpaired by a spectacular and near-fatal skid on a dark, icy Finnish road. The oddest incident of all, however, occurred not long ago: "I have just met a Britisher," Lovesey feverishly wired, "who thinks that baseball is the most intelligent game in the world and that American football is better than soccer."



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BOOKTALK

Auto enthusiasts will find rich browsing in a handsome anthology of world cars

The slowest modern car now in regular production is the Argentine-built Datsun D-200, a brisk, stubby little compact which, with its 10.6-horsepower motor wide open, can attain a maximum speed of 49.7 miles per hour. The fastest car is a good deal more familiar to readers of modern sporting literature. It is a Ferrari (model 250 L.M., to be exact), which can travel at speeds up to 100 mph and costs \$24,400.

These two extremes of modern automotive engineering are given precisely the same amount of space in *The Automobile Club of Italy's* sumptuous new 598-page *World Car Catalogue 1985* (Herald Books, \$11.75), along with details on the speed, engine capacity, fuel consumption and other features of the 660-odd cars now being manufactured in 23 countries. Here is the Daffodil I.E., for instance, made in Holland, propelled by an air-cooled, two-cylinder, 30-hp engine, and costing \$1,694 in the U.S. About 20,000 of these Daffodils are made annually. Here, too, is the Maserati two-seater saloon—six cylinders, 270 hp, 152.2 mph maximum speed, U.S. price \$42,000—made by Ottone Alfieri Maserati in Modena, Italy, where 312 employees turned out 420 Maseratis in 1983. Here are the luxurious Swiss-built Ennemann; the first YIN of Nationalist China, which looks like a small Mercedes, the handsome Subra sports convertible, made in Israel; the practical-looking T7 Sider, made in Spain; the Ikeda of Czechoslovakia (56,000 produced in 1983); the Dong Feng of Red China (no production figures available); the Warszawa of Poland; the Zaporojets of Russia—plus the Lords, Cadillacs, Chevrolets, Plymouths, Ramblers, Volkswagens, Rolls-Royces and other more familiar makes.

Arranged in alphabetical order, they vividly demonstrate the way automaking has spread over the globe since Henry Ford produced the first Model T in 1908. The data in *World Car Catalogue 1985* were put together by a staff of six in Rome. They worked entirely from questionnaire answers submitted by motormakers everywhere, using "other reliable sources" only when firsthand information was incomplete or did not arrive on time. "The technical information collected here may be considered official," says the foreword. Since *The Automobile Club of Italy* is itself a semi-official organization, the book is the most authoritative work of the sort ever published. Since it contains more than a thousand photographs, 74 of them in color, it is also the best-looking. The Italian edition, now in its fourth year, has yet to make a profit. The edition in English, distributed at the

continued



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BOOKTALK continued

U.S. by Herald Books of Bronxville, N.Y., may just possibly do so. "This book is meant not only for manufacturers, mechanics and other people working with automobiles," said Sergio D'Angelo, the editor of *World Car Catalogue*, "but for car buffs. They can find in it everything they want to know about every foreign and domestic car."

The most expensive cars are the Ferrari 500 Superfast and the Ferrari 250 LM: \$24,400. U.S. prices are way down in comparison with such listings as \$16,355 for the Bentley S3, or \$13,750 for the Avon Martin DB5, or \$13,066 for the Maserati Spider, the highest price for a U.S. car being \$9,900 for Cadillac's Fleetwood 75.

U.S. prices are given for 592 cars. Most of these (249) are in the price range between \$2,000 and \$3,000. The lowest-priced car in the catalogue is the Fiat 600 D (\$1,262), followed by the Skoda Octavia (\$1,315) and the Daffodil Standard (\$1,489).

Biggest car in the book is the Russian-made ZIL. This massive limousine has a 148.03-inch wheelbase. Next longest are the Rolls-Royce Phantom and the Bentley with 144 inches, and fourth is the Daimler with 138. But there is no end of such items for automobile fans in *World Car Catalogue*. Cars are indexed for engine capacity, for example. The smallest is the Daimler (11.65 cubic inches); the biggest is the Lincoln Continental (430 cubic inches). The cars are indexed according to their speeds as well. Of the 128 automobiles in the world with maximum speeds of more than 120 mph, 71 are American. There are no freaks or oddities in the book, unless one counts the West German Amphicar (U.S. list price \$2,770), which has a 43-hp motor, "a water-tight body for amphibious use," and gets 24.5 miles per gallon on the ground and 39.2 miles per gallon on water.

The paradox of *World Car Catalogue 1965* is that automakers in countries other than Italy largely dominate the book. U.S. cars, especially in the middle brackets, seem impressive when they are viewed in perspective with those of the rest of the world. This prompted one skeptical Roman observer to ask why The Automobile Club of Italy, in addition to running parking lots, operating emergency towing services and issuing drivers' permits, should also sponsor a money-losing catalogue of world cars. One reason, however, is evident. The interest of the general reader in *World Car Catalogue 1965* is likely to be in sports cars, and in this area the Italian makes are impressive. The dazzling color photographs of such gems as a blue Pininfarina body on a Chevrolet Sting Ray, or a magnificent lemon-yellow Ferrari Berlinetta, or a silver Lamborghini are substantial endorsements of Italian prestige in the automobile world.

—ROBERT CANTWELL



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SCORECARD

HELP WANTED

There was unanimous testimony during the hearings of the House Interstate Commerce Committee that prizefighting must have a federal commissioner to save it from itself. An instant applicant for the job was Rocky Marciano.

If there is anything boxing does not need it is a ear drawn from its own ranks. Such an appointment would make the office suspect from inception. No one who has a single friend in the sport should be assigned the post. With all due respect for Rocky, his selection would be a reminder that in his boxing days he was managed by Al Weill, a man whose deals could bear little scrutiny even today. Rocky might even owe a favor here and there.

This presumption could apply, with substantial justice, to almost anyone identified with boxing. If the proposed hell should become law the job would indeed need an expert—not on prizefighting, but rather in the arts of intrigue, plotting, machination and conspiracy, and one with a deep aversion to them all. In other words, a law man with administrative talents.

DRY READING

Around the first of each month there comes from the U.S. Interior Department a magazine called *Water Resources Review*, and usually it is pretty dull reading. The government maintains 8,000-odd streamflow gauges in creeks and rivers throughout the U.S. The *Review* reports the streamflow in terms of cubic feet per second and compares it with past records. Do not think that because there are streamflow gauges on the Rouge, or the Box Elder, or the Brandywine or other beautiful rivers the *Review* is going to give you any outdoor poetry or hints on where to fish. No. After assembling and digesting information from all these murmuring streams, the *Review* comes out with something like its report on Iowa in the June issue: "Soil moisture was generally adequate."

But the *Review* has now become as absorbing as an old-fashioned thriller

in installments, it can keep you awake nights. The report on New Jersey in July begins: "Drought conditions continued for the 50th month. . . ." After five years of declining rainfall (from an average 47 inches to about 32) New York and neighbors are faced with a critical drought. Fishing in some famous areas has been all but nonexistent; *The New York Times* pictured a child walking in the bed of the Delaware River. Even the scenic turnouts on highways overlooking the Hudson have been closed because of fire hazards: 150 brush fires started in one county on one weekend, a 42-inch rattlesnake was killed in a suburban backyard, and the curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Park explained, "The snakes are coming down out of the wooded hill country looking for moisture." The flow of the Susquehanna at Harrisburg was the second lowest for June since the streamflow gauge began whirling on that river in 1890. In Connecticut, unless July turns out to be rainy, streamflow will "be near the lowest for any month since records began. . . ."

What can be done? Restrictions have cut daily consumption in New York from 1.25 billion gallons to about 1.075 billion. There are some 238 billion gallons in the reservoirs (down from 386 billion last year). Last week, at a conference in Newark, it was disclosed that such great fishing and boating sites of northern New Jersey as Greenwood Lake and Wawayanda Lake may be tapped if necessary. One of the scientists in the Geological Survey, asked for advice, said practically: "Pray for rain."

CANUTE, 1968

Olympic Games sites start out as a dream and not infrequently wind up a nightmare. When the French persuaded the International Olympic Committee to hold the 1968 Winter Games at Grenoble, they dreamed that the entire south of France would be transformed into a playground of pleasurable indulgence and profitable industry. To equip the pleasure dome, France staked

\$125 million and the national pride.

But so far the bureaucrats in charge have come up with nothing more concrete than chaos. Grenoble is so situated that if, as at Squaw Valley, many spectators must stop at hotels 50 to 100 miles away, they will find themselves in Switzerland or Italy. They might buy only lunch in France.

An urgent plea has gone out. To save Grenoble there must be found a Grand Patron, an Olympian overseer, a Roland to battle red tape, to create highways, hotels, ice rinks, ski jumps and, of course, snow. But where in France to find a man of such imposing stature, who can command even the snow to fall? There is only one—and he is busy.

DROPOUT

Esther, a confused duck, is spending his summer vacation on a farm near Waterville, Me. Born in a hatchery and purchased by three Colby College couds from a pet shop, Esther's confusion began early. The girls misnamed him. Esther, it developed, is a drake. It turned out that this did not matter too much, since Esther is quite unaware that he is even a duck. He thinks he is a Colby student.



The girls had every intention of releasing him in Colby's Johnson Pond, campus home of some 20 other ducks, but decided to wait for warm weather. While they waited, Esther took up residence with them in Louise Coburn Dormitory, waddled all over campus behind them and became in time the most popular duck in his class.

With vacation drawing near, the girls decided to introduce Esther to the water.

continued

Esther balked at the water's edge. The girls borrowed a canoe and took him out to the middle of the pond, where they dumped him. Esther swam—directly to the bank and the dormitories. The girls kept putting him back and hiding behind willow trees that border the pond, but Esther invariably found them.

The three finally got away and returned to their rooms. After dinner they received a telephone call. Esther had decided to quit the girls, had applied for admission to the men's Alpha Tau Omega fraternity and was even then watching television in the frat house. The men did not fully appreciate Esther, who is no more housebroken than any other duck.

There was but one thing to do, and a disgruntled Esther was deported to the farm. He may now decide to be a cow.

DADDY GO HOME

Since he broke an arm recently, Dickie Hall, a Lubbock (Texas) Little Leaguer, has been serving his team as a base coach. The other day his father, Jerry Hall, was drafted as a base umpire.

The elder Hall's first call was against his son's team and there were grumbles. When his second call also went against Dickie's team there was an uproar. As it died down, Dickie's voice came through, loud and clear.

"My daddy," he yelled, "is a blind bum!"

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Ever since CBS bought the New York Yankees, rival ABC has been scouting the world of entertainment for a purchase of equal magnitude—equal, but not too similar. Inasmuch as CBS had been accused of inhibiting public access to the Yankees and of exerting patisan influence on the game, ABC announced that it would not be involved with any sport. Its realm would be pure entertainment.

Last November ABC went into partnership with Madison Square Garden Corp., forming MSG-ABC Productions. Together they paid several million dollars for their first nonsport extravaganza, *Holiday on Ice*, whose star performer will be Spokje Dijkstra, Holland's first Winter Olympics gold medalist and three-time world figure skating champion, who was made Knight of the Order of Orange-Nassau by Queen Juliana in honor of her triple crown last year—European, world and Olympic titles.

For those who want more than a Knight of Orange-Nassau doing double-axels on luminous ice, MSG-ABC now is negotiating for a variety show with a name so big it barely fits the Garden marquee: "Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth." The circus is described in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as "a display of human endeavour... [of] man's agility, strength and ingenuity and his skillful management of animals." But lion tamers, aerial gymnasts, acrobats, wire walkers and trick horseback riders are not competitive performers. Thus the circus, like the ice show, qualifies as nonsport.

If MSG-ABC is still in an acquisitive mood, it might consider taking charge of one of TV's great pioneer nonsport attractions—professional wrestling.

CHEER UP, DEER SLAYERS

In past years if a motorist ran down a deer on a Michigan highway he had to 1) surrender the venison, 2) pay for the damage to his car and 3) more often than not answer a traffic summons for reckless driving. Now he will still be stuck with the last two consequences but will be allowed to keep the venison. Reason: in recent years the toll of deer killed on Michigan roads has mounted in step with the decline in poverty. Conservation officials cannot find enough charitable organizations willing to take the venison. Almost 6,000 deer were killed by automobiles in Michigan last year. Dressed out at 100 pounds each, that would mean nearly 300 tons of meat.

Conservation officials do not believe abandonment of the surrender rule will encourage hunters to use their cars instead of rifles. The average car-deer collision results in \$200 damage to the car, not to mention what may happen to driver and passengers.

MOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

There are only 790 days left in which to build a yacht to defend the America's Cup, so the new syndicate from the New York Yacht Club can be excused for its haste in securing the exclusive services of Designer Olin Stephens and Skipper Bus Moshbacher. The three-man group consists of J. Burr Bartram, ex-commander of the NYYC, Bill Strawbridge of Philadelphia and the anonymous member who belongs to all America's Cup syndicates. The group wants to avoid the last-minute rush (six months) that launched last year's *Constellation* and *American Eagle*. The 1962 candidate, *Neferiti*.

continued

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SCORECARD

was, in fact, built in half that time, and the title of Instant Defender goes to *Vindicator*, built in a mere 66 days back in 1887.

Stephens, whose yachts apparently can be beaten only by better yachts from Stephens, never is convinced that he cannot outdesign himself. He saw his *Tow*, for 20 years the best 12-meter afloat, narrowly defeated in 1958 by his brand new 12, *Columbia*, which was considered the ultimate. But in 1964 he found sharper pencils, and *Constellation* became the *ne plus ultra*. For 1967 he has the extra advantages of time and the best team. And the challenger is being built on lines developed from his old *Tow*. If he fails he will have no one to blame but himself and his pencil sharpener.

THE SWINGING PITCHER

In his brief (four-season) major league career, Pitcher Bo Belinsky, currently of the Phillies, has managed to get around and to leave his mark wherever he has been. He has also acquired certain firm opinions about the cities in which he has played in every sense of the word:

"Philadelphia social life is for the birds. . . . As soon as the season is over it will take me just two minutes to leave Philly.

"From the night-life point of view, I was fortunate in coming to the National League. It has the same good social towns as the American League—New York and Los Angeles—plus San Francisco, a great bachelor town.

"The only other decent city for social life outside of New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles is Chicago. I don't know how, but I ran into some belly dancers there two years ago, so whenever I get back into town I've got 12 to 15 of 'em hanging all over me.

"Pittsburgh and St. Louis aren't too bad, and I don't know too much about Houston. As for Milwaukee, they did the players a big favor when they announced their move to Atlanta. That's one city I'm really anticipating."

Atlanta, here he comes.

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Louis: "Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die."
- Ruben Amaro, Philadelphia infielder, nursing a bruised elbow and jaw after trying to break up the Richie Allen-Frank Thomas fight: "My career as a peacemaker is over."

END

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(don't you wish everybody did?)

FIVE-WAY FIGHT FOR A

The ball hung over Chicago's Comiskey Park like an apple on a string. Left Fielder Leon Wagner and Center Fielder Vic Davalillo of the Cleveland Indians gazed alternately at the ball and each other. With two out, the two White Sox base runners ran perfunctorily and Cleveland Pitcher Jack Krahek hitched his pants in the manner of a painter backing off to admire his mural.

A second later the 150-pound Davalillo was on the ground. So was the 5¼-ounce baseball, with the 195-pound Wagner searching for it. A minute later the White Sox had three runs, enough for a 3-2 victory over the Indians to even up the first "crucial" series of the first complex pennant race the American League has seen in 17 years.

All such outfield collisions being theoretically avoidable, they usually divide the object of a manager's gall into three parts: the two outfielders and the first reporter who asks which one goofed.

Cleveland Manager Birdie Tebbetts kept the latch on his clubhouse door for a few minutes after the game, but when it opened there was this new kind of Tebbetts in this new kind of race in this new kind of American League.

"I can't in good conscience blame anyone," Tebbetts said placidly. "What happened was not of major consequence, but when it happens twice [later in the game Wagner scared Davalillo off another fly ball] you should review your policy. There could be bad feeling between two men, but if you talk it over there's no problem. You have to have a basic this-is-it. That's what we were talking about when the door was closed."

Unless you had a bad high school coach, you know the basic this-is-it is that the center fielder catches everything he can reach; he is the most reliable, or he wouldn't be the center fielder. "I know who is to blame," Tebbetts conceded, "but that may have been the best

thing that could happen to us. It's good to have a refresher course."

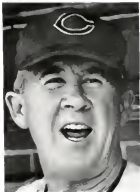
Good and expensive. The Indians had the White Sox in deep trouble, on the brink of a three-out-of-four disaster, and let them off the hook. Birdie's peace would pass the understanding of all but those who had suffered heart attacks and beat the rap, as he did last year. In this relatively Yankeeless American League, however, all the contending managers are playing it cool, regarding each other's teams with an almost amiable interest.

White Sox Manager Al Lopez, appearing as late as possible for a day game after an excruciating two-night defeat by the Indians, was set upon by an elderly acquaintance who infiltrated the clubhouse as Lopez was putting his pants on. "Good to see you," Lopez said, and then was interrupted. "Why don't you stop in more often?" he added pleasantly. The interruption had been Trainer Ed Froelich informing Lopez that Third

HERB SCHWARTZ



"We're still making errors," philosophical Manager Sam Mele says of his Minnesota Twins. "but we don't seem to make them at crucial times anymore."



"Somebody could pull away," says Indians' Birdie Tebbetts. "but all of them can be caught."

PENNANT

The streaking Twins have opened a gap in the first really complex American League pennant race in 17 seasons, but not even Sam Mele of Minnesota—much less his four rival managers—believes things will be settled until September **by JACK MANN**

Baseball Pete Ward, the light-hitting Sox' ultimate weapon, had swung his bat too hard again and was off to the hospital to have his neck placed in traction.

In his fine script Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer wrote the names of Boog Powell and Sam Bowens on his lineup card despite their composite average of .190. "We aren't going anywhere without them," he said, and added an ex-Yankee's view of the positive: "I have only five games left with New York."

In Detroit, Tiger Manager Charley Dressen employed three members of his suddenly impotent bullpen to get the last three outs against the Yankees, then joked with Pitching Coach Stubby Overmire. "Nobody can pull away," Dressen said confidently as the Tigers slipped six games behind. "Oughta be five teams in it right to the end."

Near the shores of Gitchie-Gumee, however, sat the coolest manager of them all. Sam Mele's league-leading

Minnesota Twins weren't bashing in as many heads as they were supposed to, and their defense was as porous as ever. But they were winning close games with, of all things, speed. "They're not embarrassed any more," Mele explained. "They run without worrying about what happens."

This nothing-to-lose attitude stems directly from Mele, who came within an embarrassment or two of being fired last October when his window-breakers stumbled back to sixth place, 20 games behind. Then one night in the last week of the season Owner Calvin Griffith's mind changed as his stomach turned during one ghastly inning. He saw errors by Don Mincher, Zolo Versailles and Rich Rollins on successive plays. "I asked myself, 'How can I blame the manager for this?'" Griffith said, "and I gave him a new contract. This year Sam has taken over as undisputed boss." During spring training Versailles, the

shortstop, rebelled against Mele and suggested he would rather play for Coach Billy Martin. Mele's loudly rumored successor, Mele fined him \$300. Because of that, or in spite of that, Versailles is generally regarded around the league as the most valuable Twin this season.

"Sam has always been fair, and the players have high respect for him," Griffith said last week, "but he always tried to protect the players, no matter what. Now they know he means business. That has proved to be an important reason why we're winning."

That—and the way Mele has deployed his troops, keeping a few good hands like Jerry Kindall's in with the big bats to keep the games close. "You can't underestimate guys like Kindall and Jerry Zimmerman," slugger Harmon Killebrew says in simple summary. "We have to hit. They have to field."

And they all have to run. When Tony Oliva was put out the other day trying

continued



Baltimore's Hank Bauer is optimistic: "Only five games left with New York."



"Awful tough" defeat for Manager Al Lopez is typical of recent White Sox setbacks.



Detroit's Charley Dressen sees a bleakish future: "Five teams in it, right to the end."

to score from second on an infield hit against the Red Sox, Mele gave him a positive mark for effort. "He tried to catch them asleep," the manager said, "and he was out just a hit. That play will work a lot the rest of the year." So will the hit-and-run, now that Mele has taken charge of it again. He gave that weapon to the players last year, and most of them looked at it like artillery sergeants inspecting a dorringer. "The hitters were supposed to give their own signs for the hit-and-run," Mele says, "but they didn't use it enough. Now I give the signs."

So now the Twins hit and run—and err. Rich Rollins' slumping bat made it easy to take his unsure hands away from third base, but Killebrew has to play somewhere, and none of the Twins—except Versalles, Kindall and Zimmerman—handles the ball like a Globetrotter. "We're still making errors," Mele says. "I'm pretty sure we're last in the American League in fielding. But we don't seem to make them at crucial times anymore."

Mele does not talk at great length about his pitchers, most of whom do not pitch at great length. Complete games by Jim Grant gave an occasional rest to the bullpen, which carried the Twins to their midyear lead. Al Worthington was reliable, and 37-year-old Johnny Klippstein remarkable. Jim Perry, on the brink of handiness, began throwing hard again and pitched himself into the starting rotation. "It is the kind of stuff," Birdie Tebbetts says, "that I would like to see under pressure." But one reason the Twins could win it all is that there may not be too much pressure. Jet-age schedules bring the strange things they are, Minnesota will play 48 of its last 80 games against the soft underbelly of the American League.

That fact bothered Chicago's Pete Ward as much as his aching neck. "Boston, Washington and Kansas City have no pitching," he said. "They can't rise up like the Cubs, say, or Houston, in the National League. Boston, Washington and Kansas City hurt the race by being almost putzes."

It is Tebbetts' view that putzes no longer exist in the league, partly because the bottom three teams inflicted 14 of the Indians' first 27 defeats. And, unlike the other contending managers, Birdie refuses to worry just because the Twins have opened up a lead. "They



Ignoring Cleveland nobody: Wagner and David. No catches in left field and a game bores away.

might pull away," he says. "But can they stay there? I don't consider five games decisive this early. Any of us could open a lead and then be caught."

"Each of the top clubs has strengths that could win it for them. Chicago has its bullpen, Baltimore has that pitching, Minnesota has power. And each figures to improve in the second half. Suppose the White Sox get Juan Pizarro back or Powell starts hitting for Baltimore. Where would Detroit be if Dave Wickersham had won half his games, or if Bill Freehan hadn't been hurt? And remember that I haven't had Jack Kralick. We're all going to be stronger."

The mind boggles at the five-way play-off suggested by such a balance of power, but Tebbetts' philosophical approach is tempered by realism. "Each club," he adds, "also has a weakness. The club that will win is the one whose weakness doesn't show. They tell me Pete Ward is the world's worst third baseman, but

he's never made a bad play against us. They say Killebrew hurts the Twins, but you can't prove it by me because we never seem to hit a ball to Killebrew in a key situation."

"But I am not paid," Tebbetts says, "to point out other teams' weaknesses. I'm waiting to see how smart these American League writers are. For the first time in years they have to pick a pennant race instead of just putting the Yankees on top and writing something funny about Loper finishing second. Nobody poked us, so I assume we have no chance. But I notice they're coming around asking questions now instead of telling people what's going to happen. That's good, but I just worry about my own team."

Tebbetts didn't seem worried as the Indians streaked (23 for 30) through June, then stretched 11 runs in four games into a 2-2 split with the White Sox. They were doing almost everything right, and so, it seemed, was Tebbetts.

They were scoring runs— not a ton, but enough. Max Alvis, in a hospital bed with meningitis a year ago, was making the middle of the Cleveland batting order as menacing as Minnesota's or anybody's. Ahead of him, peppering the ball to all fields, was little Vic Davalillo. Behind him, home again in Cleveland after exile to Detroit and Kansas City and happier than he has been in six years, was Rocky Colavito, pulling enough home runs to lead the league but punching the ball to right field enough to make Mele, at least, stop shifting his infield to the left side. "He's their silent leader," says Mele. "He concedes his power to help the team. That's the right attitude." Colavito was asked whether he had adjusted to Tebbetts' style of play. "I just go with the pitch," said Rocky, who never went with the pitch before. "Your style of play," says Tebbetts, "is determined by your talent. 'My kind of ball club' only means a ball club with versatility."

The Indians have perhaps the finest array of young pitchers ever assembled. "Overpowering young pitching," Tebbetts says, "with Ralph Terry as the stabilizer." Terry, cast off by the Yankees, is Chairman of the Board at 29, the interlocutor between the manager and callow youth, like sideburned Sam McDowell. "Terry shows them the difference between pitching and throwing," Tebbetts says. "Watching him pitch has speeded their development."

When the kids' underdevelopment begins to show during a game, Tebbetts will step into the hot sun and signal to Pitching Coach Early Wynn, Grouching salty phrases over the white towel Tebbetts insists he wear around his neck ("so I can see him"). Wynn and his bullpen take over. "Gary Bell and Don McMahon are professional relief pitchers," Tebbetts said last week. "Bell certainly should make the All-Star team." Bell didn't, and Lopez may hear the popping voice of his good friend Birdie some balmy evening when Bell is driving the final nails into the White Sox coffin.

The Indians also have speed, previously a Chicago exclusive in the American League. "If I play Chuck Hinton at first," Tebbetts says, "there's not a faster club in the country."

So what do you give the man who has everything? "We have a weakness, too," Tebbetts admits. "There is no one weak defensive position, but overall this is not

an outstanding defensive club, like the Yankees—who are outstanding in the field in every position. I like to play Larry Brown at shortstop because there's not a better infielder in the league. But Dick Howser is a good offensive player. He gets on base and he runs, and we have to run."

"What we need most," Tebbetts says, "is to get accustomed to winning. It's an attitude. Did you read what Elston Howard said the other day? That if the Yankees don't win it they'll have a lot to say about who does? You know what that means? That means the best player on the Yankees now has a losing attitude. That's significant."

Tebbetts deprecates the role of manager by saying things like "luck" to summarize a double defeat of the White Sox, but he manages. In Boston he gave Davalillo a sign to sacrifice. Leading the league at the time, Davalillo bunted—but for a base hit. Tebbetts yanked him, and there was a little review of policy at a closed meeting after the game. "That No. 1," Davalillo says, "keeps me in my place."

No 1 manages by omission, too. Against Chicago, he developed another starting pitcher with an act of faith that was awe-inspiring to the White Sox pitchers, who labor under the shadow of Lopez' quick hook. Lee Stange is one of those pitchers who can't do anything, except get batters out. "You like to hit against him," says the Orioles' Boog Powell. "His fast ball is straight, and his breaking pitch isn't much." The night before, Stange had shut out the Orioles on four hits, none of them by Powell.

Five nights later in Chicago, Stange had a three-hitter in the ninth, but the score was 1-1. Singles put runners at first and third, with no one out. Wynn showed his white towel from the bullpen, but he sat down as Stange walked Ward intentionally to fill the bases. Everybody in the bullpen sat down because, with Bill Skowron at bat and Smokey Burgess looking for a bat, it was an either-or situation.

With that slider that doesn't do much, Stange struck Skowron out on three pitches low and away. Stange, a right-hander, listened to Tebbetts as Burgess, baseball's premier left-handed pinch hitter, waddled to the plate. "He told me not to try to throw the fast ball by him, because you can't," Stange said after the game. Burgess rapped the slider on one



Sideburned Sam McDowell is overpowering

hop to Pedro Gonzalez for a double play. The Indians were out of a jam, and they won for Stange in the 11th.

"I thought the kid had gone far enough and done well enough," Tebbetts explained. "That he deserved a chance to lose it himself. Besides, with the bases loaded and none out, you can stick the percentages in your eye. Either the man hits right at somebody or you go home."

"I don't feel any sorrier for Al Lopez than he would for me," Tebbetts added, "but that was a tough way to lose."

It was even tougher on White Sox Coach Tony Cuccinello. "I did the same thing in Kansas City when Al was sick," Cuccinello said. "I wasn't even looking for the double play, I wanted the force at home. So the pitcher hit the batter with the first pitch, and we lost."

"The *Chicago Tribune*," Tony recalled, "was quite critical about it. I wonder what they're going to say about Birdie."

END

A MAN FROM DOWN UNDER

BRIAN DODD



LAUGHS IT UP

America's pros figured to rule at Royal Birkdale, but the joke was on them when they vanished into the willow scrub and Peter Thomson won the British Open by JOHN LOVESEY

The American golf enthusiasts the results of the British Open last week read like a list of tourist-class passengers on board the *Queen Mary*. Peter Thomson, a hibernating, hay-fevery Australian, was first. A huddlegrob Welshman named Brian Huggett and a 40-year-old Irishman named Christy O'Connor tied for second. Next came Argentina's Roberto de Vicenzo, who has been around so long that he seems like a survivor of the Hagen era. All of them were ahead of Defending Champion Tony Lema, who was second with two holes left to play but ended up fifth. Then, in the next six places, came Kel Nagle, Bernard Hunt, Sebastian Miguel, Bruce Devlin, John Panton and Max Faulkner. A dozen small Dunlop golf balls—the only ones the Americans didn't lose in the willow scrub—go to the person who can find an American in that group. And then came Jack Nicklaus—whom uncharismatic British bookmakers had made a 3-to-1 favorite—followed by three more glittering golfing names, Hugh Boyle, Lionel Platts and Neil Coles, before you got to Arnold Palmer, who was a dismal 16th. Considering that the U.S. had never sent a stronger field to the British Open, the results added up to the most distressing performance by Americans overseas since the last sightseeing bus of Shermans took Paris.

Through the first two days it probably seemed to those in the U.S. who were reading accounts in their local newspapers that the American stars were in control. Lema, after all, led the first round with a 68 and was tied with Devlin through 36 holes, with Palmer only one stroke behind. Nicklaus, too, was close enough to be a serious contender. But those on the scene at Royal Birkdale Golf Course near Liverpool knew better. They could see that the famous old course—fast, dried out and narrow—was not suited to Americans at all this particular week and that the championship could easily be taken by almost any

player who could stay in the fairways through the final 36 holes on Friday. Why, bookmakers notwithstanding, he could even be a non-American.

The player turned out to be the 35-year-old Thomson, who had previously won the British Open four times and who is about as non-American as you can get. Although a fine swinger, Thomson quit the American tour in 1960 because he never felt at ease in the U.S. From then on he generally confined his play to the less lucrative tournaments of Britain and the Far East. "I have always been one to keep Americans at their distance," he explained on the evening of his victory, and his 74-68-72-71 285 was enough to keep them well away from him.

Hard by the Irish Sea, the Royal Birkdale course plays to a par of 35-38. 73 and has for years been considered the finest links in England: its sand dunes are great, undulating hills that poke into fairways and help the wind play sadistic tricks even with well-hon golf shoes. Streams in nightmarish jungles everywhere are willow scrub and gorse, some of it growing right to the edge of the greens. A 76-year-old course, Birkdale for years had a drainage problem, and members often wore boots as they sloshed around. But that hazard was eliminated, and in 1940 the club was scheduled to stage its first British Open. World War II took care of that. Birkdale had to wait until 1951 for the honorary "Royal" to be added to its name and until 1954 to hold its first Open, when you guessed it—Peter Thomson won. He did it by playing shrewd, careful, restrained golf.

Last week, while esteemed Americans like Doug Sanders were taking 9s out of bunkers and others were hitting balls off everything but the clubhouse roof, Thomson was going his shrewd, careful, restrained way again. He usually left his driver in the bag. "It's a bit of luck involved using a driver, you know," and

(continued on page 17)

Looking as pleased as if he had swept it out of Palmer's locker, winner Thomson brags into an uncharacteristic grin after reclaiming the British Open trophy he has held four times before.

THE RUBBER RACE AT RATZBURG

Which crew is really No. 1? The Vespers thought they had answered the question in Tokyo, but Ratzburg beat them two weeks ago at Henley and last week settled the matter in a furious row-off in Germany by HUGH WHALL

Before the race Karl Adam, coach of the European championship Ratzburg Rowing Club crew, did his best to pretend it was all in fun. "This race does not interest me," he said with studied offhandedness. "My crew has not had time to practice. They have been all over the country, working out in ones and twos. Until last night they had not even rowed together since Henley." But despite this effort to dash spray in their eyes, the spectators crowding the shores of the Kuchensee near the little German town of Ratzburg were not fooled. Even though the hastily arranged "rubber race" between Ratzburg and the American Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia had no official status, all rowing fans knew that the crews considered it, *de facto* if not *de jure*, the rowing championship of the world. Vesper had stolen Ratzburg's Olympic title away from it in Tokyo last October. Ratzburg had revenge on itself for the defeat nine months later by beating Vesper at Henley. Now the two crews stood all even, and everybody knew they were there at Ratzburg to prove to themselves and each other, once and for all, which was the better.

Actually, though Vesper's patron Philadelphia Brick Merchant Jack Kelly, was eager for the match, it was a retired Ratzburg rower who got it going. A German newspaperman and former sculling champion, Karl-Heinrich von Groddeck, urged his paper's sports editor to persuade a friend in the German branch of the Gillette safety razor company to promote the race. Gillette responded with a silver cup and \$2,000 in expense money, and the stage was set.

For crews as evenly matched as Vesper and Ratzburg, it is the little things that make the difference, and both coaches exploited them—tactically and psychologically—from the moment the race was scheduled. The Vesper rowers, who were on vacation and hence had nothing else to do, arrived at the lake almost

a week before the Germans, some of whom have jobs. This put Vesper one-up as far as practice was concerned, but there was a hitch. Vesper Coach Al Rosenberg had no launch to do his coaching from. Ratzburg's Adam kindly offered Rosenberg his own boat, provided he (Adam) could go along to drive it—and take a good look at his rivals. Score one for Adam.

When the practice began, the Vespers made a habit of turning up at the boathouse in their Olympic sweat suits, as if the Germans might have forgotten who won the gold medal at Tokyo. Another leg up for Rosenberg. Adam, however, countered with a ploy of his own. When the Vespers were out practicing he followed them with a movie camera. All even. "These things don't bother the boys," said Rosenberg. "They just make them a little mad. There's a great feeling between us all. We're friendly guys. But only one of us can win."

As the race approached, the battle of nerves began to assume the tone of a TV shoot-out with the quiet German lake taking the place of a dusty drag in Dodge City. When the Ratzburgers finally arrived in town, Vesper's Rosenberg spent the whole afternoon sitting at his hotel window, training a pair of high-powered binoculars on the lake in the hope of seeing his rivals at practice. After waiting in vain, he finally decided to give up and get some dinner. No sooner had he left his post than the Ratzburg shell shot out from cover for a brisk workout.

The first oarsmen on the float the day of the race were the men of Ratzburg. Their faces grim, they put their oars on the dock with the blades in water and the leathers resting on the edge, ready for greasing. A tiny little man wearing a funny white hat dived out of the crowd milling around the patch of lawn at the water's edge, found a can of grease under an onlooker's foot and went to work on the oars. He was Berthold Maunka,

the Ratzburg cox. The curious crowd pressed so close that Maunka almost got pushed into the lake.

A few minutes later the Vespers appeared, wending their way past rowing club members who were quaffing their beers in the shade of the clubhouse veranda. The Vespers looked as grim as the Ratzburgers, but there was a question whether their stern faces reflected the earnestness of the battle ahead or just plain hunger. The race was scheduled for late in the day, and Coach Rosenberg had allowed his men only one meal. His theory is that a hungry oarsman is a faster oarsman.

Vesper carried out its oars and greased them, then the crowd was parted by the



The exhausted Ratzburgers (foreground) weep over the line one second ahead of the Vespers.

police as the German crew marched its shell down to the water. A minute later the Vespers shucked their sweat shirts, blazoned with "Kelly for Brackwork" in honor of their sponsor, and followed suit.

"Make good luck!" said a rotund Ratzeburg official to Rosenberg, stepping heavily into a launch and leaving the Vesper coach on shore to wonder how and if he was going to get to see his crew row. None of the Germans had thought to offer Rosenberg a place on the launch. A Vesperman with German connections finally got him a place in a private boat and they all headed out across the lake to the starting line some 2,000 meters away. A loudspeaker blared martial music with Germanic efficiency at the lakeside.

The music gave way to a series of rapid-fire gutturals from the race announcer as the shells laboriously booked and filled themselves into position for the start. Then the starting gun boomed, 16 blades dug into the water, 16 shafts bent, 16 backs bulged with muscle, 32 legs straightened and two coxswains

roared. The race was on, but as far as Vesper was concerned it was as good as over. "They won the race in the first 40 strokes," said Vesper Stroke Bill Stowe sometime later. "It was just like Henley."

Just as at the English race a week before, the incredibly powerful German crew had caught the Philadelphians off guard at the start and moved out at a quick, hard 50 strokes a minute to establish a lead of nearly a length. Straining to regain the lost distance, Vesper settled down to a long stern chase, their red-and-white blades churning at 38 to 39 strokes a minute. Vesper's pre-race plan had called for a spurt near the half-way mark, and Vesper did indeed begin to catch up at that point. But the plan had not called for giving so much away to the Germans at the start and, as Vesper applied extra pressure to make it up, one of its oars caught something very close to a crab. "We used it all up by the middle of the race," said Stowe.

"Vesper was a little bit ahead of us at 1,700 meters," said the Ratzeburger's Klaus Behrens, "but then we came on

again." If this was true, the Vespers didn't know it; as far as they were concerned, Ratzeburg never stopped coming on. The Philadelphians held on heroically, but Ratzeburg was still pulling strongly and crossed the finish line at a steady 40 strokes a minute, a few critical, but nonetheless decisive, inches (and exactly one second) ahead. Because of the closeness of the race and the angle of the finish line, few ashore knew who had won. But when the German victory was announced over the loudspeaker, someone on the shore suddenly yelled:

"Sieg Heil!"

"Heil!" roared the crowd in response.

"Sieg Heil!"

"Heil!" shrieked the crowd.

"Sieg Heil!"

"Heil!"

"Heil" is not exactly what Bill Stowe said when the race was over. "We're going home to practice nothing but starts," said the Vesper stroke. "Then if we can raise the dough to come back over here for the European championships we'll take 'em on again." **END**



ANYONE CARE TO PLAY SOME VASSS?

At Newport the old pros tried a new kind of tennis—the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System—in a tournament that was a rousing success, sort of

by FRANK DEFORD

PHOTO BY



First the government discovered income taxes, then someone found out you could turn a pretty good dollar with a jazz festival in the right place, and after that came the folk singers, dragging their mournful guitars and beards into town. The mid-20th century had invaded Newport. Even the famous Casino, symbol of extravagant wealth, had to sell part of its property to a supermarket to stay solvent, and across Bellevue Avenue a shopping center arose. Its parking lot is the favorite hangout for the town's teen-agers, who mope there—wearing stringy hair and yellow shirts—at all hours of the day. One of them, a legendary drugstore cowboy named Charlie the Hat, eventually became a greater local attraction than the Casino itself.

So the Newport of the gilded era, when the Astors and the Vanderbilts and the Van Alens sat around the Casino, on the Horse Shoe Plaza, listening to Mailly's String Orchestra in the morning—that time had long since passed even before the events of last week. But there still remained a degree of hauteur when, after 85 years of tennis at the Newport Casino, professional players finally were permitted to tread the Casino greensward and (to be vulgar) play for pay.

Not only were the pros performing on the most hallowed of tennis soil—the site of the first national tournament in 1881 and the home of the Tennis Hall of Fame—but they were playing this odd sort of tennis. The server was three feet back of the baseline, bells rang and dollar signs lit up on electric scoreboards. Moreover, the points were scored just like counting fingers and toes: one, two, three and so on. No loves, deuces or advantages, in or out. (Or tennis either, some purists maintained.)

What was being played was tennis under the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System (VASSS), the invention of James Van Alen—of the Newport Van Alens—who, after eight years of getting nowhere trying to convince the mardochians of amateur tennis to give his plan a real trial, finally turned to the pros. They were perfectly delighted to take a chance and experiment, since there was also a



ENGULFED BY HER WICKER CHAIR AND FRIENDS, VAN ALEN'S MOTHER HOLDS COURT

matter of \$10,000 in prize money involved. Pro tennis has enjoyed a limited success in the last couple of years since it switched from one-night stands and station wagons to regular weekly tournaments and airplanes, but the pros still cannot afford to be choosy, and consolidation with Van Alen might prove to be an amiable mating of underdogs in a battle against the entrenched amateur powers.

While the Newporters immediately loved VASSS and the special round-robin medal play that Van Alen invented, it was the pros who acted the snobs and found it difficult to accept this devaluation of their venerable game. But 10,000 smackeroos being on the line, they gave it the old pro try and, to no one's surprise, form more or less prevailed. Three Australians—Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall and Mal Anderson—and Andres Gimeno, a Spaniard, finished as the top money winners. But of course Newport is one place where class always tells.

The pros arrived in Newport in mid-week and were promptly entertained in the Newport manner by Van Alen. Enjoying themselves before play began, they also managed to murmur little straight lines about how interesting VASSS should be, how much they want-

ed to help tennis and how, after all, they would all be playing under the same conditions. Competition was the thing. End of entertainment. Start of tournament.

First match: Mike Davies vs. Pancho Segura. Segura 31 points, Davies 19.

Davies (scowling): This takes the tactics out of tennis.

Segura (beaming): Very good. It is an equalizer.

Second match: Rod Laver vs. Luis Ayala. Ayala 31, Laver 25.

Laver (anguished): Blooming hopeless.

Ayala (smiling): In this game, now [tapping a finger to head], now you have to think a little.

And so it went, the losers moaning, the winners finding VASSS quite fascinating and themselves a great deal smarter. As the week progressed, all of the pros except Pancho Gonzalez stopped fighting the system, and by the end of the tournament they were as enthusiastic as the galleries. There was even talk of playing all of next year's pro tour under the VASSS rules. "This is the most exciting week we've ever had on the tour," Pro Butch Buchholz told Van Alen at the Saturday night dance. "The greatest."

The scoring system—31 points to win—was accepted by the players with a

continued

MASTER OF THE CASINO, partly Jimmy Van Alen was himself a tournament attraction.



TERRESTRIOUS GONZALEZ WAS MORE POPULAR WITH KIDS THAN WITH VAN ALLEN

take-it-or-leave-it shrug. VASSS does require adjustments, but these are subtle. What did bother most of the pros was the longer service, which they felt seriously changed the game. Moving the service line back three feet brings about tactical as well as physical changes in the play. First, of course, the server must change his whole serve, distance and angle, but even more important, because the power of the serve is muted, the server is unable to dominate the point with a quick rush to the net. The standard serve-rush-volleys game is eliminated. "I'll never play this again," roared Gonzalez, who failed to finish among the money leaders. "I'm not going to play the game for 25 years and then get beaten by some-

one in a freak thing. And who says this is a better game to watch anyway? If people are bored with a game that has too much emphasis on serving and volleys, then just as many people will be bored with a game that concentrates on ground strokes." But the galleries and almost all of the tennis experts in attendance hardly agreed with Gonzalez' appraisal. They thought it was a better game to watch, which is exactly what Jimmy Van Allen has been saying for years.

Van Allen, whose devotion and belief in his system is quite fanatical, is himself an interesting man. He is, of course, of the very wealthy, a member of the Four Hundred. He and his wife reside on Ocean Drive in one of the many beauti-

ful Newport mansions. ("Cottages" is what these gargantuan places were daintily called at first, a description in keeping with John Jacob Astor's famous remark that "a man who has a million dollars is as well off as if he were rich.") Perhaps as much as anyone in America, Van Allen touches back to those golden times. His mother, Mrs. Louis Bruguere, is the last grande dame of Newport, still presiding over her cottage, Wakehurst, in the old style. She has said that Wakehurst is the last house in Newport to be run "properly," which means, among other things, 23 servants, a greenhouse across the way providing fresh flowers daily, and 146 candles to light the dining room, since she will not tolerate electric bulbs there.

It was Wakehurst and Mrs. Bruguere who first welcomed the pros to Newport at a cocktail party, before they all adjourned to Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen's for a sumptuous buffet dinner. It was not quite the kind of affair that Wakehurst is accustomed to. There were, of course, many people saying "what a fun thing this is," but here, too, were all these professional athletes wandering about, while in a nearby sitting room a journalist baited out a report for the morning editions.

Through it all, Jimmy Van Allen skittered about, talking VASSS, at ease with all in the varied assemblage. "He is quite an amazing guy, when you think about it," said Butch Buchholz. "With his background, all his money and Newport and everything, you would think he would be the most conservative guy. But instead, he is one man who thinks tennis can be better and who is really doing something about it."

Of course, Van Allen has the time to do that. He describes his other activities as some kind of partridge hunting in Spain—it is not exactly clear what this is, because when pressed he immediately spins into rolling rhetoric about "the greatest partridge hunters in the world, the very greatest!" and "this thing with Christmas Eve, which you probably don't know about." This, it develops, is his reading of "Twas the night before Christmas," which was written by Clement Moore, who lived in Newport. So impressive have Van Allen's warm readings of the poem been that he may appear on national television next Christmas with his recital.

As a matter of fact, Van Allen looks

BETWEEN MATCHES, PROS MACHAY (LEFT) AND BUCHHOLTZ HOLD ANOTHER WORKOUT



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a little like Saint Nick. He is ruddy of face, positively twinkle-eyed, fond of bright attire, and filled with a naive enthusiasm and concern for everything and everyone that he meets. His inveterate promoting of VASSS has thrown him into circles far out of his great society, but while he blends with the company he has the magnificent capacity of remaining in character. He is, first and always, a gentleman.

Gonzalez, one person who can get under Van Alen's skin, was playing Malcolm Anderson on Friday afternoon, and Pancho, muttering and trying to be sarcastic whenever his lug serve would fail, was successfully piling up tactless plays. He topped it off by blasting a ball far over the grandstand, a maneuver that brought Van Alen to his feet from his courtside chair. Gonzalez, spoiling for an incident or at least a chance to play the Pancho Gonzalez role, walked over to Van Alen. "If you want me to get out, I will," he snarled. "I just want you to show good manners and behave like a human being." Van Alen snapped, scold-

ing Gonzalez so very naturally that he had no more to say.

In fairness to Gonzalez, some of Van Alen's endless arguments on behalf of VASSS do appear to be specious. For instance, the traditional tennis scoring system—love, 15, 30, 40—may be arbitrary, but it certainly is not all that difficult to grasp. Moreover, in simplifying the set to 31 points for victory, a great deal of the tactical, wars-within-a-war aspect of the present game is eliminated. As Gonzalez pointed out, tennis now provides a series of climactic confrontations. An impending service break at any point in a match can mean excitement, but with VASSS everything is a foundation for the last few points—and then only if the game stays close.

It would appear too that, once far behind, staying off defeat in a VASSS game is a much more difficult task. Also, because every point under VASSS counts the same, risky and exciting play—often advisable at certain point scores under the present rules—is discouraged. Better to play it safe, which is what the pros did—particularly since Van Alen had set up this tourney with an arrangement under which every point was worth \$5. Take a chance, you might blow a lin, the players reasoned.

But the advantages of VASSS were obvious. For one thing, whether the pros like it or not, tennis is a better game to watch when the overpowering value of the serve is decreased. Better to watch means more people watching and that in turn means more money for the pros. VASSS also provides a system for handicapping tennis, and would give the sport, for the first time, a basis for statistics and records that is now lacking. "I must say," Mike Davies observed, "every sport that is popular is filled with bloody numbers, so there must be something in that." Best of all, VASSS absolutely, definitely, on purpose eliminates marathon matches. A VASSS 31-win set takes half an hour, give or take a couple of minutes. The pros, despite the relative success of their new tour, have been unable to interest television in their national grass court championship at Longwood this week. If TV could see VASSS, the guess is TV would buy.

Not entirely on account of VASSS, the Newport pro tournament was, for tennis, most original and entertaining. All of the matches were held on one

continued



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of the two main courts and [the] interrupted by a drought-breaking rain on Sunday, ran right on schedule, just like Gemini. Also, Van Alen introduced night play to Newport, and even when the fog rolled in on something you would not, in your wildest dreams, describe as little cat feet, the show went on and the crowds stayed. The gate was the largest in years at Newport, where, of course, the Newport Casino tournament for amateurs has always been a big draw.

Van Alen had special electric scoreboards erected, and they showed not only the running score but the money being made. Another scoreboard, looking not unlike a stock listing, kept the complete point and money totals for all of the players. The tournament format divided the 16 players into two divisions, each pro playing a round robin against the other four in his group. The two pros in each group with the highest point total played a second round robin to compete for—hold on, Newport, and move over, Bud Collyer—the Pot O'Gold, which had a base of \$850, plus the accumulation of the residue of prize money not won at \$5 a point.

Van Alen provided his own attraction, too, wandering about the proceedings in his multicolored outfits, his plantation hat and his suede shoes, and leading his cocker spaniel puppy, Vasss by name, about on a leash. And across from Van Alen's box, his mother, Mrs. Brugniere, sat in a peacock wicker chair, lending a special air of alchemy to the affair that somehow transmuted all the neo-Veeckian gambits.

The pros helped too. They are much better entertainers than the amateurs and they are also gaining a look of permanence. Barry MacKay, one of their number who is trying bravely to play after a knee operation, handles the paid role of tournament director and liaison man, but the pros are planning now to hire a full-time man for the job. The tournaments have been increasingly successful and the average prize money may soon double from \$10,000 to \$20,000. There are other symptoms of coming success too. Ken Rosewall represents the Peacock Gap Country Club in San Rafael, Calif.—the same kind of deal that is virtually universal with golfers on the pro tour. Buick Buchholz has his own business manager now, and he has already told America about the in-

herent good qualities of our products as Vitally Gold Whinnies.

The team desperately needs new blood, however, and American blood would be particularly welcome. But of the amateurs—"all hums," says Pancho Segura, still a big pro name at 44—only Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle of Australia could cut it in this league, and Australians the pros have got. Indeed, except to the true followers, the Australian tennis players are approximately as discernible from one another as Vietcong guerrillas. Gonzalez is still the top American player, but he is 37, a World War II veteran, and he says that after this year he is through touring for good.

Since their success is still modest, it is surprising that the pros were so reluctant to embrace VASSS. Van Alen brought in Frank Pace, a tennis fan and former Secretary of the Army to talk to them on Saturday morning, to shill a little for the system and to quiet some of their grumbling. Pace pointed out that innovations in other sports have often come from the professionals and that the innovations have many times meant increased financial success.

For his part, Van Alen needs the pros more than they need him. The amateur hierarchy, having accepted *fuzz* on tennis balls, has since been a bit reluctant to embrace any more new ideas or any old ones, for that matter. Van Alen's only hope to install VASSS directly among the amateurs would be to get it started at the grass roots and wait for it to grow up, but that is a process that could take generations.

So the pros may be Jimmies Van Alen's best bet, and Newport itself may be the logical springboard for VASSS. Van Alen has precedent on his side. Newport has not always been entirely hide-bound, not completely bereft of innovation. In *The Last Resorts*, Cleveland Amory relates how automobile racing was veritably born there—on the beaches and right down Bellevue Avenue. There, at O.H.P. Belmont's cottage, Bekourt, a most spectacular race was held in 1899. It was an obstacle affair, and Mr. Belmont himself, co-piloted by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, drove the first car. Years after harking back to the race, Mr. Fish remembered: "Nobody dreamed that automobiles would come into general use."

Advantage, Van Alen.

END



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A SEARCH FOR THE BIG SWORDS

In the obsessive world of big-game angling no trophy is more difficult to acquire than the broadbill swordfish. Last year only one was boated during the annual Deep Sea Anglers Club swordfish tournament off Montauk, Long Island. But the challenge is strong, and it has lured many contestants back for another try this week. In five days they will cover thousands of miles of the Atlantic, searching for hungry broadbills. Most of the fishermen will return to port in the evenings fishless but full of tales of broken leaders and pulled hooks. On shore they sip drinks and dream of another encounter with the elusive broadbill

Paintings by David Postolacqua

Bristling with tuna towers, outriggers and electronic gear, the sleek swordfishing fleet rests at dockside in Montauk's stilly dawn.



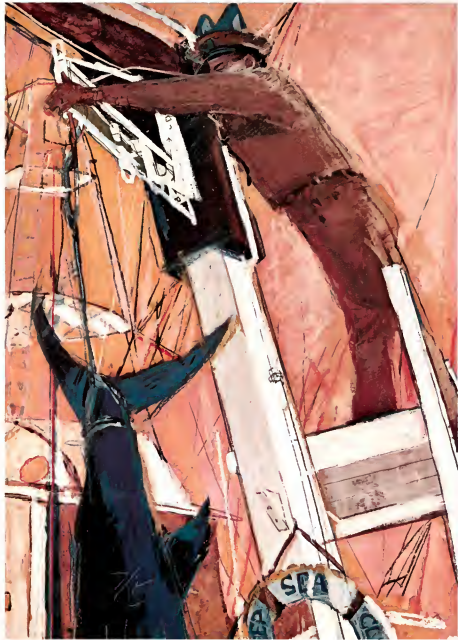




On the down run to the offshore fishery, the skipper, a man in a white shirt, is seen from the side, looking down at a squid he has just caught. The squid is large and pinkish-red, with its tentacles visible. The boat's interior is a vibrant red, and the background shows a glimpse of the sea and sky.

Purched in the water, the fisherman is seen from the side, looking down at a squid he has just caught. The squid is large and pinkish-red, with its tentacles visible. The boat's interior is a vibrant red, and the background shows a glimpse of the sea and sky.





THE TOUGHEST TROPHY IN THE SEA

Considering the caliber of the fishermen competing this week in the Deep Sea Anglers Club swordfish tournament off Montauk and their luxurious sport-fishing boats and efficient crews, it becomes painfully obvious that taking a swordfish on rod and reel requires an inordinate amount of time and determination as well as a generous dollop of fisherman's luck. The broadbill is, in fact, so difficult to catch that a tournament can be considered a huge success if only one of every 20 fish sighted is hooked and brought to gaff.

In the expanse of ocean between Long Island and Nantucket, experienced swordfishermen know every offshore trench, hole and reef where swordfish congregate to feed along the bottom out squid, butterfish, whiting and flounder. The hunters set their courses for sea marks like the Butterfish Hole, the Dumping Grounds, the Mud Hole, the Banana and the Fingers, places where they have found swordfish before under similar conditions of tide, wind, current, water depth and water temperature. Once on the fishing grounds, they cruise slowly through tidal rips and slack water, peering out and down from lofty tuna towers, trying not to become mesmerized by the drone of the engines, the whistling wind and the slap of waves against the hull.

Swordfishermen live for these rare days when the ocean is sick-calm and alive with fish that can be stalked and baited. When ready to feed, a drowsy swordfish lights up like a neon sign, its drab, brownish skin turning an iridescent purple as it charges. Unlike other billfish, swordfish rarely grab a bait and gulp it down. Instead they play with a bait, pushing and rolling on it. As a result they almost invariably get foul-hooked or wrapped up in the leader. The

contest that follows may last for hours, but the odds are that the hook's will eventually pull out or the wire leader will kink and pop under the strain.

If swordfish are formidable opponents, so are most of the serious fishermen who seek them out. One such man is James French Baldwin, a metallurgist from Locust Valley, N.Y. Several weeks ago 35 miles off Montauk, Baldwin, who baits his own fish from the cockpit, managed to hook three of the 10 fish his crew spotted during the day. The first two were lost after brief struggles, but the third one, which Baldwin estimated at well over 350 pounds, was on for 52 minutes before the hook pulled out. To compound the misery, a fourth fish, in a rare display of broadbill acrobatics, came out of the water five times around Baldwin's bait then slowly settled away. An inveterate experimenter, Baldwin has trolled deep for swordfish and has drifted multiple baits at various depths, so far without success. "There is no reason why swordfish can't be taken deep," he says. "Commercial longliners bring them up from 100 feet and more." A light-tackle enthusiast, Baldwin never fishes anything heavier than 50-pound-test line (most swordfishermen use 80- or 130-pound line), has lost 24 swordfish on 30-pound line while trying to break a world record and insists on fighting his fish standing up instead of bracing himself in a cushioned chair. Despite such anorthodox methods, Baldwin has, to date, boasted more broadbills than any other angler (36 in 18 years of fishing).

There are as yet no records of swordfishing boats being sunk by swordfish, but it might happen any day. Several years ago a big harpoon—or stick, boat barely made it into New Bedford,

Mass., after a swordfish, enraged at being stuck with an iron, gouged a gaping hole through the three-inch pine planking on the boat's bottom. "Helpless" swordfish on the end of a line have been known to kill attacking sharks by impaling them on their broad swords.

As swordfishing tournaments go, another recent Montauk affair, the first International People to People Fishing Championships, was a resounding success. For three of the five competition days, 24 anglers, 14 of them representing six foreign countries, were beset by rough seas and rain. But on the first and last days the ocean was as flat as a plate, and of some 200 swordfish sighted eight were brought back to the dock. The biggest, a 398-pounder, was caught by Edward L. Gruber of Spring City, Pa., a seasoned swordfisherman (34 broadbills in eight years), who was fishing for the host Deep Sea Anglers Club. Five fish were taken by foreign anglers. One of them, David Sussman of South Africa, was ecstatic about his 266-pounder. "I've caught giant tunny and marlin," Sussman said, "but what makes swordfishing so terribly gripping is trying to get one of the buggers to eat. I found myself weak-kneed as the skipper played out the squid and literally teased that fish into striking. Once the fish was on, however, the battle was rather an anticlimax. I heard one chap say that no one ever releases a swordfish. Seems a shame not to give such a sporting fish another chance to fight."

Considering the fact that on most private boats any swordfish caught becomes the property of the crew, and can bring as much as \$1 a pound, an angler who dared to release a fish would be risking mutiny.

—DUNCAN BARNES

After a long and successful day's fishin' the final moment of glory comes for an angler when his fish is weighed in officially.

A MAN AND A MULE IN MISSOURI

As rival club owners cringe, the Athletics' Charlie Finley practices the gospel of Bill Veeck (51, June 14), who says that all baseball really needs is a little more showmanship

by EDWIN SHRAKE

The wake-up call came at 8:30 on a Sunday morning in a suite on the 18th floor of the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City. "Wumpf," said Charles O. Finley into the receiver. Four hours earlier, in the hotel coffee shop, Finley had made the waitress dilute his coffee with one-third hot water, but still he had threshed for another hour in the oversize bed before he could sleep. Finley sat up and reached out a bare arm to turn on the lamp. He scratched his head and lit a filter cigarette. Then Charles O. Finley, maverick, began to grin. He was remembering the evening before and an argument with a radio announcer from Los Angeles.

Sitting against a mirrored wall in the rose light of a bar across the street from the Muehlebach, the announcer had kept saying, "Look, Charlie, I've been in this game for 20 years." There is nothing that provokes Finley more than that sort of bases for an opinion. Finley has been in the game only five years—which is five years longer than most American League club owners have enjoyed having him at their conference tables—but he does not believe that simply hanging around for a great while breeds astuteness, and baseball is his case in point.

"Look, Charlie," the announcer had said, "I don't want to offend you, but what you've got to do is hire yourself some solid baseball men and let them operate. You're a businessman, Charlie, not a baseball man. To operate a baseball club you've got to let baseball men do it. You shouldn't

have let an assistance executive like Pat Friday try to be a general manager of a baseball club."

"I suppose you think you'd be a good general manager," said Finley.

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact I do," the announcer said.

"Because you've been in the game for 20 years," said Finley. "Well, let me tell you something. It doesn't take any genius to run a baseball team, as a general manager or a field manager. A monkey could stand out there on the field and wave at the pitchers. I'm in baseball because I like it. Out of every dollar I make in the insurance business, I lose 99¢ in baseball. My wife says let's sell this club and invest in tax-free bonds and make more money in one year than we can in 10 years in baseball. But I wouldn't be happy. Baseball is a major part of my happiness. Sure, I take an active interest in what goes on with this club, all right. Wouldn't you if you had millions of dollars invested in it? But I do listen to the people who work for me, and I know Pat Friday is a smart man, and I know it didn't take him forever to learn the few things there are to know about baseball. My new general manager, Hank Peters, is a smart man, too, and a baseball man. But a lot of baseball deals are pure luck."

"Not so many," the announcer said.

"You think when the Angels got Willie Smith, who wasn't much of a pitcher, they knew they could play him in the outfield and he'd be their best hitter?" said Finley. "If you be-

lieve that, I'd like to hear your ideas about the Easter Rabbit."

Now, as he sat in bed waiting for his legs to feel like walking him to the shower, Finley's white hair was rumpled and his black eyebrows drew together in an amused squint. It gives him pleasure to kick holes in the hierarchy-perpetuated myths of baseball, although he insists he does it out of affection and out of a fear that the game may not survive unless it changes its washboard attitudes. Finley is, after all, not in baseball to become broke. He has been broke before, and he is better. But five years of threats and harassments by the American League have not bent his heretical views any more than Finley's efforts have improved his Kansas City Athletics, who, unlike the Mets, lost without being loved.

Except by their leader, that is. Finley adores his Athletics. As he showered and dressed, he hummed to himself. He opened the drapes, and sunlight flooded in. It was a fine, bright day with a peach haze coming off the Missouri River, and there was going to be a doubleheader that afternoon, and Finley owned one of the teams involved, and what right-thinking man could want more than that? "Life," he said, "is beautiful."

One of the few things that could have made Finley happier at that moment would have been an early news broadcast informing him that Yankee Stadium had been condemned. Finley despises the Yankees with an emotion that is pure and almost joyous and extends even to the dimensions of their ball park. He blames a series of trades—such as the one that sent Roger Maris from Kansas City to New York—for the neurasthenic condition of his Athletics. "The Yankees have bled this team white," Finley said. "It will take years to undo the damage the Yankees have done to Kansas City."

Finley contends the Yankees have conned the American League out of most of their pennants simply by having a center-field fence that is 461 feet from home plate and by having relatively short foul lines. The idea, he says, is that when Yankee pitchers are in trouble they concentrate on forcing the hitter to hit the ball straightaway toward that distant fence, where some Yankee center fielder

is waiting for the catch. Opposing pitchers, who see the Stadium nine times a year rather than 81, get smashed by Yankee hitters pulling toward the short fences at the foul lines.

"I know I'm right, because Ed Lopat [former Yankee pitcher, now a vice-president of the Athletics] told me," said Finley. "In 1958 baseball passed a rule that any new stadium had to have a minimum distance to the fence of 325 feet at the foul lines. The rule should have added that any present stadium must erect a screen or barrier to make the distances equivalent. Until 1958 the Yankees were asking themselves how much longer they could get away with this

murder. So, lo and behold, baseball passes a rule that gives the Yankees their advantage forever. Fans are fed up with the Yankees, who have hurt both leagues tremendously. Those monuments to Ruth, Gehrig and Huggins out in center field at Yankee Stadium get me, too. If I put up a monument to the great Connie Mack in my center field, I'd get a telegram telling me to take it down or forfeit all my games."

Finley received a telegram like that in 1964 when he ridiculed the Yankees by building what he called a Pennant Porch in Kansas City. The porch sat behind a fence that started at the right-field foul pole, 325 feet from home plate, cut

dramatically in across the outfield until it reached the 296-foot mark, the distance the Yankee Stadium fence is from home plate, and then went off toward center field. Commissioner Ford Frick and American League President Joe Cronin ordered Finley to take down the bizarre fence or forfeit his home games. "So what?" said Finley. "We lose most of the time anyway." But Finley moved his fence back and changed the name of the pavilion to "One-Half Pennant Porch."

This season Finley tried again. He put up a burlap roof to cover his One-Half Pennant Porch ("the fans need shade," he said) and extended the roof out across the outfield again to the 296-foot

continued

RESIDENT IN A WHITE L.B.J. HAT, FINLEY APPEARS IN PRE-GAME FESTIVITIES ASTRIDE THE MULE MASCOT HE CALLS CHARLIE O.



mark. Cal Hubbard, supervisor of American League umpires, conceded he was in favor of shade. "But that wing, or whatever you call it, has to go." That was three days before the opening game. Half an hour before the first pitch, Finley finally had the extension sawed off.

Then Finley installed a 20-second electric clock beside the One-Half Pennant Porch to check on the time it takes pitchers to deliver the ball with no one on base. The rule says that the pitcher has 20 seconds, but the rule is seldom, if ever, enforced. The clock was a glowing reminder of that neglect. Before a game in Kansas City, the rule was read over the loudspeaker, and the clock explained. Finley took down the clock after a few weeks, but while it was up he was about as popular with umpires as a foul tip. "I'm not trying to be popular," Finley said. "I'm trying to make it a fair game."

Almost from the moment Finley, a wealthy insurance man, came into Kansas City as owner of the Athletics, he was regarded as a menace by the American League, and his wild publicity stunts, his well-publicized feuds, his loud contract disputes with municipal officials in Kansas City, his continuing efforts to move the Athletics to Dallas or Oakland or Louisville have served to strengthen that unfriendly attitude. He sued the city after he was ordered to stop shooting off fireworks at night games. He had an Ernie Mehl Appreciation Day at the ball park and presented *Kansas City Star* Sports Editor Mehl with a "Poison Pen Award." He fired his original general manager, the flamboyant Frank Lane, and then got into a three-year legal dispute with Lane over back salary. Outraged at Kansas City's decision to give Professional Football Owner Lamar Hunt a \$1-a-year rental on Municipal Stadium in order to lure Hunt from Dallas, Finley demanded and got a new contract from the city—a contract that was granted by the outgoing city council and promptly canceled by the incoming council. He told Kansas City he would play in a cow pasture if he could not get permission to move or the contract he wanted. He signed an agreement to place the Athletics in Louisville ("Finley is a fool," said Chicago White Sox owner Arthur W. J. Ryan), warned American League President Cronin to leave him alone, had his request to move voted down 9-1 in a league meeting and then signed a new and apparently har-

monious contract with Kansas City.

Finley pushed all these things out of his mind as he prepared to go to the ball park. This was to be something special—Rabbit Day. Finley likes rabbits. He built a mechanical ball-fletcher that pops up behind home plate and named it Harvey the Rabbit. He has six German checker rabbits in his zoo at the stadium. He planned to give away 250 rabbits during the double-header. "I was going to use the rabbits to show off our rabbit outfield," he said. "But with all the games we've lost this year, who would believe we have a fast outfield?"

Walking through the lobby, Finley was stopped by half a dozen fans. The doorman told the cabbie: "This is Mr. Finley. Take him to the stadium." Finley sat back delighted. He lit another cigarette. "I smoke too much," he said. "In 1946, when I was 28, I had pneumonic tuberculosis and spent 27 months in a sanitarium. I used to lie there and sweat and they'd have to change my pajamas and change my sheets. I was dying, but I didn't know it. Those were tough times. I had worked five years in the steel mills around Gary, Indiana, and five years in an ordinance plant for a shipbuilder and had been a caddy and had two years of college. When I got TB, we had two kids. We have seven now. My wife had to get a job as a proof-reader on the *Gary Post-Tribune* at \$40 a week. We lost our home. My wife and kids lived with her father. And there I was, dying, but I didn't know it. Well, I recovered. While I was lying there, I had plenty of time to think. I dreamed up ideas on insurance, and they were an overnight hit. I learned, too, that money is secondary. That's why when people berate me for this and that, when they ridicule me, it doesn't bother me. I've been down a rockier road than any road baseball can take me on. I've learned that being happy is what counts, and baseball makes me happy.

"Ah, but baseball," he said as the cab turned into a street near the stadium and the driver explained to a policeman that Charles O. Finley was in the back seat. "I got up everything I owned and could borrow to get into this game. I couldn't care less what the other owners think of my ideas. I remember a letter I got from a little old

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body. She wrote she kept seeing the vote was always 9-1 against me, and she said thank heaven I had at least one friend. I wrote back and told her there is nothing in the rules against voting for yourself, and that one vote is always mine. I don't feel anger or hatred. When the other owners can't see the handwriting on the wall I feel sorry for them. When they're all against me I am disappointed but never discouraged. Anything that is worth having is worth fighting for. When they vote against me it encourages me to fight more, because I know they need help.

"If I knew then what I know now," he said, getting out of the cab, "well, let me put it this way. I was eager to get into baseball, but I didn't realize baseball was as sick as it is. I would be doubly eager to get in now, because I love a challenge. But if you know anybody who is interested in getting into baseball as an owner, and he wants to get along with the other owners, then here is my advice for him: do not go into any league meeting looking alert and awake; slump down like you've been out all night and keep your eyes half closed, and when it is time to vote you ask to pass. Then you wait and see how the others vote, and you vote the same way. Suggest no innovations. Make no efforts at change. That way you will be very popular with your fellow owners."

Waving and smiling at the fans and pointing out the paint job and new light poles he had paid for, Finley went into the stadium. "See that long extension of the press box?" he said, gesturing toward an overhang that blocks the view of people high up in the lower deck along the right-field line. "The football team wanted that, so the city built it and paid for it. All it does for us is ruin a lot of our seats and louse up our public address system. You think the city would buy us a new public address system? Naw, we don't play football. Look at these seats. Too cramped to sit in. Considering the handicap of this stadium, the fans are wonderful and we've made a tremendous effort to make this place livable." Finley ran down the steps, through a gate and up into the On-Half Pendent Porch, which at the moment, shortly before game time, held a couple of hundred kids. "Hey, boys,

don't knock a hole in my roof," he yelled at them as he signed autographs.

"Mr. Finley," said one small boy, "I've come 200 miles to see Charlie O."

"Son, we weren't going to get him out today because of the rabbits," Finley said.

"I don't care about rabbits," said the boy.

"Then out comes Charlie O.," Finley said. Charlie O. is a mule, an extraordinary mule. "People love Charlie O. He is a genuine Missouri mule donated by Governor Warren Hearnes of Missouri after the greatest mule search in history. Everybody's got to see this mule."

Finley began a tour of the stadium. He has planted ivy on the walls and last year had sheep grazing on the hill in right field. Near the left-field bleachers is his zoo, with six capuchin monkeys named after Finley's father and uncles, six China golden pheasants, a German short-haired pointer, the six German checker rabbits with litters, and two peafowl. "Come on," Finley said, going down a concrete walk and out the left-field gate, where he picked up a handful of the rabbits' feet that were being passed out to fans that day. He had asked Jim Schaaf, his public relations director, to phone for Charlie O. There, on the street behind the stadium, was Charlie O's trailer. Finley was as excited as a child. "Come on, come on," he said.

They got Charlie O. out of the trailer, which is air-conditioned and equipped with a record player that plays what Finley calls "mule music"—songs like *Mule Train*. Charlie O. is a handsome sorrel animal that wears a green-and-gold blanket and bridle and a green baseball cap. Charlie O., as the A's mascot, goes on road trips. In New York, Charlie O. stayed at the Americana Hotel and Finley rode the animal through the lobby. At an impromptu press conference after Frank Lane had said Finley planned to move the A's to Milwaukee, Finley announced: "Charlie O. is the one to answer a man like Lane." Finley asked questions and Charlie O. answered by nodding or shaking his head. "It was a trick," Finley said, "but Charlie O. is the smartest mule that ever lived." Then: "Come on, there's more to see."

Finley went down through the maintenance shed and untwisted a wire that held shut a gate in center field. He stepped

continued



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through the gate onto a gravel track. Standing a few feet to Finley's left and looking rather startled was Jim Landes, the A's center fielder. A voice began yelling, "Get the hell off the field!" The voice belonged to the second-base umpire, who was running madly in Finley's direction and flailing his arms. There was a great shout from the crowd. "Wups," Finley said, realizing the game had begun and he had become part of baseball in a way he had never intended. Finley raced back through the gate and twisted the wire again. "First time I ever got eaten out by an umpire," he said.

Back up in the stands, Finley kept being stopped by fans and congratulated for one thing or another. One man offered to donate a green-and-gold hay haler for a Farmers' Day promotion. "Despite all the bad things that have been written about me, I have never been abused by a fan," Finley said. He peered down at the field, where Gabby Hartnett and Luke Appling were coaching on the baselines. "Now, there's something," he

said. "Two Hall of Famers coaching for us. Appling gave me my first ticket for a White Sox game when I was young. But baseball doesn't handle the Hall of Fame right. We should put Mantle, Mays, Spahn, Musial into the Hall of Fame right now and make them walking ambassadors for the game. Instead, in January they voted in a guy named Galvin who died in 1902. You want to know something? Galvin played ball in 1872! I sent word to the Hall of Fame that it was too bad my great-grandfather wasn't living so I could find out how good Galvin was. The idea, they told me, was to wait five years after retirement before voting a guy into the Hall of Fame because the guy might rob a gas station or something! In war you don't wait five years to hand out a medal. Last March in Bradenton, at a Hall of Fame dinner, one of the members came up to me with tears in his eyes after my speech. 'Charlie, would you do something for us old-timers?' he said. 'Could you see if you can get us included in your hospitaliza-

tion program?' We spend \$200,000 on one home kid who'll never make the big leagues, and we can't include a Hall of Famer in a lousy, cheap hospitalization program. Well, if baseball doesn't do it, I'll buy every one of those old Hall of Famers a policy myself."

Down on the field, the A's were losing as usual. But they were doing it in the Kelly green and Fort Knox gold uniforms that Finley got for them after wangling a rules change in 1963. "Imagine how colorful football would be if you saw Texas, wearing white, playing SMU, wearing gray," he said. "It used to be that all cars were black. Now you almost never see a black car. The colors don't make cars run better, but they sure sell better. That's one reason pro football is such a great, colorful game. Pro football has strong progressive leadership, and it has adapted itself to what the fans want. I'd like to use orange baseballs. The Army dresses our ski troops in white so nobody can see them in baseball, we fire a white ball out of a white uniform

continued

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FINLEY continued

under a bright sky. Suddenly we realize that's dangerous and make the players wear helmets. Why not use an orange baseball that everybody can see? We need a commissioner who is not afraid, who has enough red blood to stand up for what is right.

"Baseball faces more competition than the owners realize. Times have changed. I remember my mother and father saying it's too early to go to bed and too hot to sit at home, so let's go somewhere. They don't say that now, with television and air-conditioning. We never went on a trip until summer vacation, and then it took forever to go 200 miles in a Model A. Now people drive 300 miles on a weekend to visit Aunt Fanny and think nothing of it. I have seven youngsters on a 300-acre farm in La Porte, Ind. I moved out there for the kids, because it's clean and healthy. But in the hot summer it's tough getting them out of the house. They flop in an easy chair, turn up the stereo, flip on the TV and have any kind of entertainment they want. Baseball has never rolled with the punch, never made the fans feel wanted and appreciated. In any business you draw a line called success and a line called failure. When your business starts slipping you may not discover the line has gone down for several years. You may have slipped to the point of no return before you find out. Baseball has definitely slipped. No doubt about it. But how far? Let's pray we haven't reached the point of no return. The pathetic, frustrating thing is that all the owners know baseball has slipped, but they don't do anything. In baseball we could correct the problems overnight. We know what they are. We have to begin by letting all the fans see our best product—the World Series—by playing the first game on Saturday afternoon, the second Sunday afternoon, the third, fourth and fifth on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, and the sixth and seventh, if necessary, on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. That way nobody is at work or school during the Series, and we're not thumbing our noses or hiding our best product in the basement. We have to have interleague play. Think of the rivalries! The Mets and the Yankees, for example. We have to play our season openers on Saturday or Sunday so a working man can go. We have to start the games earlier and end them quicker. If you film a three-hour baseball game

and cut out all the no-action, you wind up with 12 minutes. It's ridiculous."

An Angel pitcher was trudging slowly toward the dugout after being relieved. The organist was playing *How You Ever Been Lonely*. Finley said: "But nobody catches the humor in that because they can't hear it because we got a lousy P.A. system."

After another inning, it was an Athletic pitcher who was taking the familiar walk. Muttering to himself but smiling at the fans, Finley leaped up from his seat in the stands and went to the press-room snack bar and ordered two hamburgers with onions. A message came that there was a call from Ralph Houk, general manager of the Yankees and a man with whom Finley thinks he made one of his sharper trades—Catcher Doc Edwards for John Blanchard and Roland Sheldon. "Why does Raf Hawk want me?" Finley said. "He ought to talk to Peters or Lopat. I don't run this club. I just own it." Finley laughed. "Oh, that Raf Hawk. He's got to talk to CBS before he can make deals. He'll find out when he deals with CBS he is dealing with hard guys."

The sale of the Yankees to CBS made temporary allies of Finley and Arthur Allyn in their opposition to the move. Finley threatened to get out of baseball a rather empty threat, since that is what American League owners want him to do. But he asked \$8 million for his franchise, a price that kept him in baseball after all. Sitting there on the snack-bar stool, with buckets of pickles and tomatoes in front of him and with his hamburger patties sizzling on the grill, Finley bent his head toward the radio and learned the Angels were ahead by three runs. He frowned and shoved his rabbit's foot into his pocket. Then he began to grin again. This was still his ball club, wasn't it? Despite the pressures, he was still in the game, wasn't he? A maverick five years ago, he is an unregenerate and unashamed one today.

"Well, anyhow, we're better than we used to be," he said. "We're going to surprise everybody before this season is over."

When most owners say that, they mean the usual business about winning more games than expected. But when Charlie Finley says surprise, the American League jumps. Regardless of what they think about him, they certainly have to pay attention.

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Unusually spacious

Through molded, reinforced fiberglass construction, beams, ribs and frames are eliminated. All of the inside is usable.

This makes the Hatteras a spacious boat. The Double Cabin, for example, has more usable space than many larger boats. It has two private suites, each with bath. (And for additional

privacy, the suites are at opposite ends of the boats.)

Interiors are Philippine Mahogany. The finishing and joining are similar to that found in fine furniture. (The Hatteras is made in High Point, N.C., a furniture center.)

Exceptionally comfortable

Owners say that this is an exceptionally comfortable boat; fiberglass permits a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching. Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of the hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

After testing the Hatteras, Hank Bowman, contributing editor of *Popular Boating*, wrote:

"I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series."

There are ten Hatteras models: 34 ft. sports cruiser, 34 ft. deluxe sports fisherman, 34 ft. double cabin, 34 ft. sedan, 34 ft. fly bridge double cabin; 41 ft. convertible and 41 ft. double cabin; 50 ft. motor yacht, a 50 ft. sportfisherman; and a 28 ft. cruiser.

Write for the name of your nearest dealer. You'll find him proud of the Hatteras—the only boat tested and proved in the Graveyard of the Atlantic. Hatteras Yacht Co., Dept. SI 765, High Point, N.C.



NEW SUNDOWNER SWEATERS

On the water after 5, at the game after dark
and in zealously air-conditioned clubhouses
there is nothing like a lightweight sweater

Sweaters in July? Why not? A warmup sweater is just as important to the active sportsman in summer as in winter, particularly at sundown after a day of sailing, swimming or lazing on the beach. Lightweight knits of cashmere, wool, linen and cotton are now specially designed for summer wear as good-looking protection against the chill of an evening near the water (or frigid indoor air conditioning). The sailors photographed here at Block Island, R.I., the setting this week for the first American Cowes race week, wear new sundowner sweaters after a day on the Atlantic. Designer Bonnie Cashin, commissioned by the Scottish firm of Ballantyne of Peebles to do a special collection to pep up their cashmere business, tossed conventional ideas about cashmeres overboard. Her funnel-necked sweaters and boat-neck shirts come in the summery colors and stripings that are recognized as Cashin trademarks on both sides of the Atlantic. For men the big news in summer sweaters is the stuff they are made of—linen and cotton with the hulky look of the Irish fisherman's sweater or fish sweater-shirts with contrasting trim.

Catching the last rays of a Long Island Sound sunset in the photograph on the opposite page, Ruth Muhltyl and Ann Webb wear cow-flecked striped cashmere pull-overs designed by Bonnie Cashin for Ballantyne (540, Lord & Taylor). The sweater worn by Bob Temple, a Block Island sailor, is a linen-and-cashmere pull-over by Hanaizara (571, B Altman). His floppy hat is from Fulton Supply, New York (57,60).

CONTINUED





Gillian Strawn of Block Island (at left) wears a hooded pullover by Bonnie Cashin (\$49). Reflected in her glasses is Bob Temple in a French cotton shirt (\$530, Bloomingdale's). Expensive goggles (\$18).

Tied up at the wharf in the Great Salt Pond, Block Island's snug harbor, Gillian and Bob talk about the day's events in the cockpit of the "Eklare." Gillian wears a rust-and-pink striped cashmere pull-over, \$45. The sandstone cardigan worn by Bob is made of over-colored cotton-wine knit. It is designed in crew-neck (\$17) and cardigan (\$20) models by Herman Phillips for Bloomingdale's.



PEOPLE

After helping Princess Margaret preside over the opening of the Mann Tynwald (parliament to non-Mans), Lord Snowdon donned black leather jacket, crash helmet and steel-tipped racing boots (below) to try out the 37½-mile Isle of Man motorcycle course. During his 45-minute circuit, Tony averaged 50 mph and topped 90 miles an hour on one straightaway. Margaret, asked whether she had been worried by her husband's rule, smiled and said, "No, but I would have been if I had known what speed he was going to do." Said Lord Snowdon (known to the British press as Ton-Up Tony, a slang expression for anyone who drives motorcycles at high speeds), "My only worry was when I found out how slow I had been."

Pee Wee Reese is now working for CBS and the Yankees, but old loyalties die hard. Pee Wee has made a regular ritual of ending his Yankee Stadium seasons by opening the door to the players' dressing room on his way home and yelling, "To hell with the Yankees." Most of the time clubhouse man Pete Previte is the only one there, but the other

day Mickey Mantle and ex-Yankee Billy Martin, who had dropped in for a visit, invited Reese in to discuss the matter. After delivering a short dissertation on the number of times the Yankees had beaten the Dodgers, Mantle and Martin allowed Pee Wee to leave to catch a plane. As Reese departed, Mantle yelled through the door, "To hell with the oldsmans."

To find out for himself whether a highway should be built into Michigan's largest remaining wilderness region, Governor George Romney went for a 7½-mile hike in Porcupine Mountains State Park. Actually, to say hike is incorrect. It was more like a sprint, as other members of a party of two dozen could attest. The first hill in the park, a vast Upper Peninsula stand of virgin birch, maple and hemlock on the shore of Lake Superior, wasn't so bad—mostly because the group was walking down it. When they started uphill, however, the attrition began. Jerry Chesapeake, outdoors editor of *The Detroit Free Press*, sprained an ankle. Romney's press secretary began to wobble under the weight of his knapsack and Romney had to carry it. *The Detroit News'* political reporter Bob Popa, who had brought his own knapsack containing two six-packs of beer, kept suggesting a stop for a picnic. At the 4½-mile mark, the 58-year-old Romney, who also plays three balls per hole of golf, remarked that this was about as far as he ran and walked each morning. At the end of the scramble Popa observed, "It wasn't exactly like going home from the office. Big George kept pointing out the coal." Big George just smiled. "They don't need a highway here," continued Popa, who finished the hike with 12 unopened beer cans and butters. "They need a chairlift." George declared that they didn't need either, a courageous decision for a man whose public and private livelihoods have always depended on the sale of automobiles.

Every baseball manager has a different way of relieving that intolerable pressure, whether it be fanning pommas, making kindling of clubhouse furniture or just plain brooding in a small, dark corner. Milwaukee's **Bobby Bragan** pounds a cheap second-hand piano. "I play a kind of honky-tonk," he confesses, "and you have to sing along to know what I'm playing. But it's a good way of releasing tension." Except at night. Bragan's wife, fearing the wrath of neighbors, won't let Bobby play his piano after night-game losses.

Richard Rodgers and his wife Dorothy, who have stayed serious croquet for 30 years, were preparing to hold their "first Connecticut circuit" croquet tournament at their Southport, Conn. home. "This will be a serious tournament," said Rodgers. "We'll recall very serious about croquet. This game is more exercise than golf and more fun too. The most important point is strategy. You must plan your moves, then execute them. It's work every minute." Rodgers added, however, that no one in the group of serious croquet players, which includes Max

Shulman and David Wayne—in whose homes part of the lengthy tournament will be played—has ever gotten "really mad and thrown mallets." But as a precaution, players avoid betting. "This game is passionate enough without money."

East German cycling champion **Monika Hoig** found a way to ride a bicycle right through the Berlin Wall. In London to compete at Herne Hill, the 22-year-old cyclist pedaled over to the West German embassy to request political asylum. She was tired of the strict discipline imposed on East German cyclists, said Miss Hoig, and, besides, she really wanted to be a first-dresser.

Bonors took quite a bath when Player III beat 3-to-10 favorite Speedy Scott in the Roosevelt International, so it seemed only fair for Swedish Dancer **Gösta Valentin** (below, left) and Trainer-Driver **Gunnar Norlin** to take one too. Both got thrown into the pool at the victory celebration, with their cup tossed in for good measure. The \$50,000 they had won, however, kept crisp and dry.



*A little Glitter
goes a long way
with Me*



Yes, Zsa Zsa, and a little glitter does wonders for all the new cars, too.
Nothing adds as much flair as stainless steel wheel covers.



United States Steel

Don't let your ego shorten your tee shots



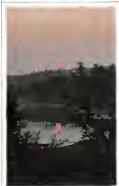
Many golfers make the mistake of thinking that a high-compression ball—that is, one wound very tightly—will automatically give the most distance. But more often than not, the reverse is true. To get maximum distance you must use a ball with a resiliency that matches the speed of your swing. The slower the swing, the softer the ball should be, because the more your club head flattens the ball at impact, up to a certain point, the farther it will go. If your swing is an easy one and the ball is too hard, it will feel and react like a rock. However, if your swing is hard and your ball is too soft, you will not get maximum results either. All manufacturers rate their golf balls according to compression. The softer the ball, the lower compression rating it has. Because they generate so much club-head speed, the long-hitting pros use a high-compression ball, one rated between 95 and 100. This ball will compress just enough to give them maximum distance. Most other pros use balls rated between 90 and 95. These compression ratios are too high for the average golfer. Even most low-handicap players should stick with a compression ratio between 75 and 90. Soft swingers and high handicappers will achieve maximum distance with a ball in the 60-to-75 compression range. Consult your pro to find the right compression ball for you. It may be hard on your self-esteem, but use the ball best suited to your swing.

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When the weekend golfer hits a softer ball (above) he gets proper compression and thus more distance than with the hard ball.

FRANCIS COLSON

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Beware of anonymous opponents

A few years back the name of Charles Lochridge was frequently found in the winners' lists of the big bridge tournaments. Nowadays, since he rarely plays anything but rubber bridge, Lochridge is more noted for a witicism that has become a part of bridge lore. A partner of his who had just butchered a hand was incautious enough to inquire, "How would you have played it, Charlie?"

Lochridge gave the problem only a moment's consideration; then he replied, "Under an assumed name."

There are times when anonymity would be an advantage. The American Contract Bridge League recently recognized this when it recommended that players should write their names on the convention card which they display to their opponents. Often a player will need to know who he is up against to decide how to play a hand. Here is a case in point:

East-West vulnerable
South dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH		WEST	
1♥		PASS	
4♥		PASS	
		NORTH	
		3♥	
		PASS	
		EAST	
		PASS	
		PASS	

Opening lead: queen of diamonds

North held the lightest possible hand for a game-forcing double raise in hearts, and South, with a minimum in high cards, had no slam interest and simply bid for game.

A rapid stock-taking revealed to South that there was no way to avoid two spade losers, so making his contract would depend upon losing only one club trick. Declarer planned to strip the hands of everything but clubs and trumps, then force the defense to lead a club for him.

South won the diamond lead with his king, drew trumps, cashed dummy's diamond ace and ruffed a diamond. He got back to dummy with the heart king and trumped dummy's last diamond. Then he got off lead with a spade. East took his ace-king of spades and now had to lead a club or else give declarer a ruff in one hand and a sluff of a club in the other. Stop and think: How would you defend at this point if you were East?

Almost anybody but the most skilled defender would simply return a low club and hope to win two club tricks. But this line of defense would virtually force declarer to make his contract. Presumably he would duck the trick, and presumably West would play the 10 to force dummy's king and hope the club return would let his side win two tricks in the suit. Declarer would have little choice but to play for the minor club honors to be split. He would lead up to his 9 and finesse it, driving out West's ace and making the contract.

But East made a club play that gave declarer the utmost chance to go wrong. He returned the jack of clubs! This was where anonymity would have paid off. Had East been an unknown—or at least unknown to this declarer—South would probably have played him for a normal lead of the jack from a holding of jack-10. But declarer knew that East was an expert, quite capable of leading an unsupported jack or 10 in just such a situation. So, after considerable thought, he paid East an expensive compliment—expensive, that is, to East. He covered East's jack with the queen, forcing West's ace; then he let West's low club return to his 9, finessing against West for the 10-spot. It was a classic example of a good defense being foiled by the defender's own reputation.

EXTRA TRICK

When you are faced with a difficult decision in the play of a hand, consider your opponents. Their skill, or lack of it, may direct you to the proper play.

END



HER LONG MANE FLYING, ARMBRO FLIGHT TROTS POWERFULLY TO WIN AT GOSHEN

Treating a filly with finesse

**By Hambletonian day Joe O'Brien
hopes to persuade Armbro Flight
that she can beat all of the boys**

In the ordinary course of things, the homely girl never gets a second look. But that's not true in trotting, and last week a dowdy brunette with knobby legs and stringy hair was getting more second looks on Main Street in Goshen, N.Y., than Liz Taylor would have with all her 72 suitcases.

At the town's old clay track Armbro Flight, a broad-beamed 3-year-old, wriggled her way into her harness and put on a show in the Coaching Club Oaks that had Grand Circuit horsemen wondering if she might not be girl enough to hold off a field of boys in The Hambletonian come September. Twelve years ago her dam, Helicopter, beat the colts in that classic event, and harness racing is a sport where no girl ever takes back.

One of the distinctive facts of trotting life is that mares have raced to more world-record miles than colts and geldings combined. The fair sex has also fared well in the The Hambletonian, winning 10 of 39, an astonishing statistic when compared with filly performances in equivalent Thoroughbred classics. Only six fillies have beaten the colts in 186 runnings of the Epsom Derby and just one, Regret in 1915, has managed to win a Kentucky Derby. The list of renowned trotting mares and their achievements is extraordinary. There was the bobtailed Flora Temple, who set six world records, the last when she was a grandmotherly 14, Goldsmith Maid, winner of 332 dashes and out of the money only once; and Lou Dillon, the mare who never learned to trot until she

was frightened by a dog but—perhaps thinking she still was being chased—became the first trotter ever to go the mile in under two minutes.

Horsemen offer several explanations of why Standardbred mares perform so well. It is argued that their cooler blood makes them phlegmatic, hence easier to train than hot and fretful Thoroughbreds. And it is certainly true that they have rugged physiques, which enable them to clip-clop mile after mile on cementlike tracks while breathing no harder than Julie London exhaling a Marlboro commercial. But most important of all, Standardbred fillies are subjected to the same relentless training regimen as colts, and harness horsemen believe that because more is asked of their girls than of the Thoroughbreds, more is forthcoming.

Armbo Flight's own trainer, Joe O'Brien, says, "Long ago women worked in the fields at hard labor. They worked alongside men, and they had to be as tough and strong. But look what happened. Over a period of time women had to work less, and they changed. The modern ones never work hard. If they do, it's at a stenographer's job or some such thing, not physical work all day long. So they have become comparatively soft. Well, this is fine for women, but the same thing has happened with Thoroughbreds. The Thoroughbred people have had this idea that fillies could not work as hard as colts. They would not start them against colts because they thought they had no chance. They developed a standard kid-glove way of training a filly. Since generation after generation of Thoroughbred mares has been bred in this dainty image and has been pampered, these animals have really become soft. But Standardbred mares are different."

Theorist O'Brien's Armbo Flight is decidedly different, not soft at all, and after a rather indolent beginning she has become every bit a working girl. She has won 25 of her 31 races, and the final heat of the Coaching Club at Goshen marked her 13th straight victory.

At 16 hands 3 inches she was big and gawky and slow to develop. In fact, it was not until late last summer that

O'Brien recognized the trotting talent hidden by her easygoing temperament. "She has never been overly ambitious," O'Brien said last week. "She would do what you wanted, but you had to ask her." While she was a languid 2-year-old O'Brien did not ask her, and most of Armbo Flight's defeats came in the first few races of her career.

But once O'Brien suspected that the chocolate-coated filly had talent, the easy life was at an end. O'Brien mapped out a long-range plan to develop both her ego and her power of positive thinking. "I decided to use the kind of strategy on her," O'Brien recalls, "that I used on Shadow Wave in 1958. I never started him against the top-class horses until the Little Brown Jug. I'd put him in the minor races where the purse was next to zero and the competition even less. He could win without being fully extended, and he was in a fine frame of mind by Jug time. He thought there wasn't a horse in the world that could beat him. He won in straight heats."

"I'm trying to do the same thing with Armbo Flight. I've put her in the slower filly races, and I don't plan to start her against the colts until The Hambletonian. If she can keep winning every week without being gutted, even if the competition isn't much and the times aren't great, I'll be pleased. She'll come into the Hambletonian just right. A horse develops a wonderful fighting spirit winning week after week."

There is nothing wrong with Armbo Flight's fighting spirit right now. At Goshen she scored easy victories in both heats. In the first she had the outside post position, which meant there were nine erratic fillies between her and the rail. At the start the nine took off in every direction like so many housewives turned loose in Macy's on sale day. Armbo skirted the field and, down the backstretch of the half-mile track, she took the lead. She trotted home three lengths in front.

An hour and a half later the girls came back on the track for the decisive second heat, head numbers bobbing between their ears like bonnets and their hooves clad in white bell boots. They paraded in single file, tossing manes and

glances here and there, looking like so many hopefuls in a beauty contest in East Aton, Ill. Armbo Flight, her forelock in a pigtail, kept her best act for later.

She sped away from the starting gate and cut out the first half mile in 1:01½. Far behind, another filly, Frosty Song, broke stride and began to gallop. Suddenly she fell over Comanche Newport, who was passing her on the inside. Both fillies went down.

O'Brien turned into the backstretch the second time around and, seeing the wrecked sulkies and a tangle of horses and men, he slowed down. Armbo Flight swung wide to avoid the trouble, but as she did a buxom lady—this one human—stride a white saddle horse came cantering up the track heading toward the accident and directly at O'Brien. Armbo Flight bolted—first to the inside, then to the outside. She thrashed with her hind legs at the sulky, struck a tire with her hoof and blew it out. Remarkably, she stayed on gait and, although the accident momentarily cost her the lead, she regained it on the final turn and won in 2:03½.

O'Brien was as shaken as his filly. He walked around her as she cooled out in Goshen's willow-shaded paddock, his dark-blue eyes searching for an injury. There was none. He wrapped the filly in orange woolen blankets and rubbed her pig-tailed brow. More and more she was looking like a fair challenger to the Hambletonian favorite, Noble Victory.

"I think I could have beaten that colt last year at Indianapolis," Joe said. "I was four lengths in front and Stanley Dancer had him way back in the pack. I hadn't used my filly at all, and I was just sitting there waiting until he came at me. I knew just what to do. Then I saw a double-fold of newspaper blowing down the track at us. I couldn't avoid it. The filly reached out and pawed at it, and of course she broke stride. By the time she got back on gait, Dancer was long gone and the best I could do was second."

But that was last year. This September there should be no newspapers at Du Quoin. Heaven will protect the working girl.

END



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MAN FROM DOWN UNDER

continued from page 17

contented himself with hitting cautious three-woods off the tees. That, plus good putting and much experience on British courses enabled him to take charge of the tournament with a steady 72 in the morning round on Friday.

The final 18 holes after lunch shaped up as a Birkdale battle royal among Thomson (214) and Devlin (215), the two Australians, and two of America's foremost shotmakers, Lema (215) and Palmer (216). No one really gave much consideration to Huggett, O'Connor or De Vicenzo, though it was Roberto who made the best show among those in the lesser group, four-putting the 63rd but still holding on at the 70th where he trailed by only a stroke, but pars after that were not good enough.

"I am lazy," he sighed later. "No punch at all at the finish."

By the time the last 18 began, the spectators at Royal Birkdale had started to get a certain inkling about Thomson. For one thing, he was feeling well. The hay fever that had plagued him off and on for years was absent. For another, he was playing the best golf. Lema, on the other hand, arriving in England straight from the Western Open in Chicago, had managed to get little rest and not enough practice rounds. He had hung on this far by the fine thread of a wonderfully hot putter.

Palmer might as well have been putting with a mop. He had won his first of two British Opens on the Royal Birkdale course in 1961, but although the scenery looked the same the course played altogether differently then. In 1961 it stormed, and Palmer waded through rain and dampness, hitting low, hard shots that would still stay in the soggy fairways and cling to the wet greens. Now the course was hard and fast, and his hooked tee shots rolled and bounced into terrible situations. Palmer's extraordinary recovery shots might have saved him if his dreadful putting had not eroded his confidence to the point where he could not bring himself to brawl back against adversity. He took 38 putts in the third round, moving 12 from 10 feet or less, and was amazed that he was still in contention despite the 75 he scored.

"It's ridiculous for me to be in the picture after this round," he said at lunch, already talking himself out of any patented Palmer finish.

At this point it looked as though the man with the best chance of catching

Thomson was Bruce Devlin, in spite of a ragged 75 in the morning. He was still swinging smoothly, and he still had his tutor, Norman Von Nida, caddying for him. Von Nida, who once played on the British tour himself and became known as Australia's Ben Hogan because of his size and tart tongue, said of his caddie role before the tournament started: "I don't make a habit of this. But I think Bruce can win."

Dramatically missing from any last-round drama were the Masters champion, Nicklaus, and the U.S. Open champion, Gary Player. Nicklaus was playing, but he was seven strokes behind and unable to cope with the course. He had buried himself on the very first hole of the day when his second shot went far over the green and came to rest on an old covered well. He was allowed a free drop, but it had to be into a patch of wild raspberries. His first swipe at the ball hardly moved it. He finally took a 6 and was en route to the 77 that left him out of contention.

"I like a course where you can throw the ball in and control it," said Jack later. "Thomson plays this kind better because he rolls the ball around."

Meanwhile, fitness-minded Player had withdrawn from the tournament. He started withdrawing the morning of the second round when he was doing exercises in the bathtub of his lawyer-agent, Mark McCormack, at the Prince of Wales Hotel. Player was arching his back and putting his weight on his head and feet, forming a position known as the wrestler's bridge, when he apparently pulled a muscle in his neck. He could not get a delay in his starting time, and a doctor had to come out on the course to examine him. His backswing looked like Mother Hubbard's or Doug Sanders', take your pick, yet a bagful of painkillers got him around in 71. Alas, in the third round he shot a 79, partly because of the injury, and had to quit.

Player may have been pained, but he was also prophetic. "If ever a course suited a British golfer," he said, "this is it. They are defensive players. If the flag is on the left, they hit it to the right. If the flag is right, they hit it left. If the flag is at the back, they play to the front." Little Gary had Peter pegged.

As the afternoon play began, Palmer birdied the first hole, and there was good reason to suspect that he might have somehow gathered up his confidence

continued



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over the cheese-and-tomato sandwich he had paused to eat between rounds. But he promptly hogeyed the 2nd, then the 3rd, then the 4th, and he finally came to his inglorious end at the easy 320-yard 5th, where he hooked his drive into neck-high willow scrub, moved the ball only two feet, had to back 40 yards backward, trapped his next and then exploded out close enough to salvage a double bogey. He turned the nine in a startling 41 and staggered home in 79, the British irregulars in his Army having long since deserted. He had two words to sum up his performance: "Fat sick."

The crowds deserted Desha, too, as bogey followed bogey. (After one stretch of five bogeys in the morning, teacher-caddy Von Nida had asked Bruce what game he was playing, "because it sure isn't golf.") Now, although there was at least a possibility that someone like Huggitt, O'Connell or De Vries could overtake the leaders, the tournament seemed to have settled down to a war of nerves between Thomson and Lema, who were paired together.

Neither was a personality that the galleries had warmed up to as they had to Nicklaus, who kept smiling despite his errant shots, or Palmer, because of his stature. All week Thomson had been a recluse, remaining in his hotel room at night, once explaining that he was tired of "talking to the same old people, saying the same old things." And Lema's glibness, most felt, was slightly affected, leaving the impression that he thought the tournament was beneath his level. When he returned the trophy to an official of the Royal and Ancient before play started on Wednesday, he said, "Here, you can keep this for a few days." Asked about arriving at Royal Birkdale so late, he said, "I can play a course twice and know where all the troubles are."

That turned out to be true, for Lema seemed to find most of it, and one of the marvels of the week was that now, in the last hours of the event, he still had an excellent chance of winning. As one American said, "The way he's playing, he couldn't break 100 without all those putts falling."

Thomson held his one-stroke advantage through the first four holes of the afternoon as Lema matched him shot for shot. But Lema drove into a hunker at the 5th and hogeyed. A Thomson birdie at the 8th widened the gap. Thom-

son, wearing a gray pullover sweater and checkered cap, and catching his tongue between his teeth as he studied each shot more closely, went to the long back nine with a three-shot cushion.

Then, as in any major tournament, the strain began to take its toll. Thomson missed a putt from six feet at the 11th that would have all but eliminated Lema. When Thomson missed a two-footer and bogeyed the 12th, the American had every right to sense that his opponent was cracking. Lema, obviously aroused, got a birdie at the 13th, and Thomson's lead had dwindled back to one stroke. They parred the next three holes, learned of De Vanzo's scores up ahead and felt sure, going to the 17th, or 71st, that the tournament belonged to one of them.

An enormous crowd, a television crew, the press and a corps of police moved in the vast tide of excitement to the 17th tee, and a Lancashire policeman, helping control the spectators, said to Thomson, "It's in the bag, I think." Peter put his tongue between his teeth.

It was right here that Tony finally missed a shot he could not afford. He hit his drive on 17 into the rough. He could not reach the par-5 hole in two, but Thomson did, to make an easy birdie, while Lema had to settle for a par. He then caught a bunker at the final hole, hit out dejectedly and three-putted for a 6 and a 74, while Thomson got a birdie again, a tidy 71 and another British Open crown.

In the end the most notable achievement by an American in the tournament had to be that of Walter Danecki, a 43-year-old mail sorter from Milwaukee who played the qualifying rounds in 108 and 113. He was frank enough about why he had entered: he wanted to win some money. And he said he was certainly glad he had played the small British ball. "If I had used the big one in this wind," he said, "I might have been all over the place."

Mark McCormack, perhaps shocked by the fate of his famous clients—Palmer, Player, Nicklaus, Devlin and Sanders—summed up the 1965 British Open best: "Sanders left the tournament in a trap on the 10th, Nicklaus left it in the raspberries on the 37th, Palmer left it in the willow at the 59th, Devlin left it in a bunker at the 60th, Lema left it in Chicago at the Western Open and Gary Player left it in my bathtub. So Peter Thomson picked it up."

END

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SHOW-BIZ SONNY AND HIS QUEST FOR STARS

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE

Sonny Werblin of the Jets and his two rookie quarterbacks, Joe Namath and John Huarte, form pro football's most interesting triangle

This week, in the quaint Hudson River town of Peekskill, N.Y., the New York Jets of the American Football League open training with 28 rookies who cost a total of \$1.1 million to sign, the most money ever committed for new talent in one year by any pro football team. Among the rookies coming on strong are Cosmo Iacavazzi, Princeton's All-America fullback; Verlon Buggs, mammoth defensive end from Jackson State; Bob Schweickert, All-America back from VPI; Jim Harris, a gigantic lineman from Utah State; George Sauer, the dropout flanker from Texas; and, finally, to the blast of trumpets, a roar of welcome from the M-G-M lion and a thumping bong from J. Arthur Rank's gong, the two most publicized college quarterbacks in America: Joe Namath (see cover) of Alabama, everyone's darling in the pro football draft, and John Huarte of Notre Dame, the Hersman Trophy winner. Namath, who cost the Jets an estimated \$400,000, and Huarte, who so far has

refused to develop a complex despite signing for only about half as much, will do battle with Mike Taliaferro, a hold-over from last season, for the job of No. 1 quarterback. A few years ago, when the Jets were the hapless Titans, most pro football fans could not have told you if the team even had a quarterback, much less his name. Now, thanks to the astute handling and fathomless bankroll of David (Sonny) Werblin, the president of the Jets, the competition for quarterback has achieved all the supercolossal proportions of the casting of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*. And with good reason: Sonny Werblin wants a star. "I believe in the star system," he says. "It's the only thing that sells tickets. It's what you put on the stage or playing field that draws people."

As a result of the brouhaha aroused by the signing of Namath and Huarte, the Jets have sold the improbable number of 35,000 season tickets, as compared to only 11,000 at this time last year, and on this score alone Sonny Werblin has to rank as one of the most clever, fascinating and energetic operators to emerge in sports since Larry MacPhail showed up at Cincinnati's Crosley Field with the Kaiser's ashtray and the idea of night baseball.

No one knows better than Werblin the value of a star. For 30 years Werblin worked and schemed and planned and plotted for stars in relative anonymity for the Muse Corporation of America, the biggest talent agency ever known to show business. Upon his retirement last January as a vice-president of MCA Inc. and president of MCA TV, a subsidiary, Werblin was hailed as "the world's greatest agent." *Variety*, in a eulogy headed "SONNY . . . JUST LIKE IN MONEY," noted that Werblin had helped shape broadcasting "perhaps more than anyone else" in America, and "if he was not broadcasting's greatest showman, he certainly qualified as its greatest promoter and salesman." On Madison Avenue and in Hollywood, Sonny continued

A beaming Sonny shows off Namath (left) and Huarte in Silver Stadium for the first time. As he led them in he said, "Welcome home, gentlemen. It took me a hell of a long time to get you here, but it was worth it."



is revered as the father of the "package deal," and among the programs he handled for MCA were *Morkham*, *Mike Hammer*, *Wagon Train*, *The Virginian*, *M Squad*, *Treasury Men in Action*, *Overland Trail*, *Twenty-One* (gulp), *Shogun Slade*, *Johnny Staccato*, *Whispering Smith*, *The Deputy*, *Mr. Three Sons*, *Laramie*, *Riverboat* and *Bachelor Father*. Stars he personally handled for radio and TV included Ed Sullivan, Jackie Gleason, Jane Wyman, Wayne King, Ben Bernie, Abbott and Costello, Don Ameche, Ralph Edwards, Horace Heidt, Sammy Kaye, Alvino Rey, Eddie Fisher, Alfred Hitchcock, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Ken Murray, Robert Cummings, Henry Morgan, Eddie Albert, Eddie Bracken, the Nelsons (Ozzie, Harriet, Rooky and David), Harry James, Betty Grable, Burns and Allen, Polly Bergen, Nanette Fabray, Gene Kelly, Ernie Kovacs, Jack Carson, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Gisele MacKenzie, Phil Silvers, Oscar Levant, Jack Paar and Jack Benny. It was Sonny who moved Benny from NBC to CBS, and it was none other than Sonny who moved Benny back again. Among the stars Sonny personally signed for MCA were Edgar Bergen, Shirley MacLaine, Victor Borge, Dolores Gray, Xavier Cugat, Freddy Martin, Dean Martin, George Gobel and Liberace ("he was different"). Sonny not only discovered Eddie Duchin but roomed with him for two and a half years and was best man at both of Duchin's weddings. Werblin and his wife, Leah Ray Hubbard, who once sang with Phil Harris' band, were members of Morton Downey's second wedding party. The Werblins have a way with weddings. Both were in attendance at the fabled nuptials in the Essex House uniting Abe Lyman to his vocalist, Rose Blaine. Lyman, a frenetic gin-rummy player, had to be summoned to the ceremony from the card table, where he was happily on a schneider, and when the service was over he immediately headed back for a hand as the rabbi concluded in words that still ring in Werblin's ears, "Remember, everyone, it was made legal by Segal." Werblin informed Lyman that their old friend Phil Spitalny knew nothing about the marriage. Spitalny was up in Boston at the Metropolitan Theater with Evelyn and Her Mage Violin and the rest of his All-Girl Orchestra, and after Sonny got the call through he put Lyman on. "I got married today!" Lyman burred. "Dot's got," said Spitalny. "I just broke der house record. Here's der manager. He'll tell you all about it."

Sonny—"no one ever calls me David!"—Werblin moves in ever-widening circles at ever-increasing speeds. "Every day is an anecdote with Sonny," says Joe Hirsch, a columnist for *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*, who is a member of Sonny's racing crowd. It was Sonny who recently lined up Bob Hope for an honorary degree from Monmouth College. (Sonny never handled Hope, but Hope says, "He's a genius.") It was Sonny who put Eleanor Holm into the Aquacade and introduced her to Billy Rose, whom she later married. Sonny is the only man in America who has sons named after the heads of both Coca-Cola

and Pepsi-Cola. His oldest son, Hubbard Steele Werblin, is named for the late Alfred Steele, chairman of Pepsi, and his middle son, Robert, is named after Robert Woodruff, former chairman of Coke. Sonny personally fired David Susskind from MCA. Susskind once said he was fired for insubordination, but he refuses to talk about Sonny now. In turn, Sonny not only refuses to talk about Susskind, he refuses to talk to him. The only other person with whom Sonny is not on speaking terms is Frank Sinatra. Ironically, Sonny and Sinatra are the only two persons who call Toots Shor by the nickname Blub.

The Werblins maintain an apartment in Manhattan and a rambling home in Elberon on the Jersey shore. Their three cars have the license plates MCA, MCA-1 and MCA-2. Sonny usually drives MCA to the races at Monmouth Park 10 minutes away. He is a large stockholder and a director of the track. The Werblins own a racing stable, Elberon Farms, and Mrs. Werblin gives all the horses show-biz names. The best horse so far is Time Step, who has won \$50,000 in allowance races. The most promising is a \$50,000 colt bought privately at Keeneland last year named One Night Stand, by Sailor out of Olympia Gal. Sonny is a large stockholder and director of the New Jersey National Bank & Trust Company, which has nine branches. He is a trustee of Rutgers University, his alma mater, and of the Peekskill Military Academy, where the Jets train and from which Son Hubbard was graduated last month. He also has real-estate interests.

In appearance, Werblin is stocky, bald and bushy-browed. He wears glasses. His manner is hearty but low-keyed. He is a conservative dresser who buys his suits off the rack. His only concessions to flash are gold cuff links and tiepins with a football motif. He is 55 but, in common with other hard-driving MCA executives, he looks 10 years older. Years ago, when he was a student at James Madison High School in Brooklyn, Sonny said his aim in life was to be a "grown-up boy," and he has adhered to that ambition. His enthusiasms are catching. Robert Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC, an old pal and a bonefishing companion in the Keys, says, "Sonny has the ability to widen the horizons of others. I never followed pro football closely but, leaving aside the interest NBC has in the AFL [NBC has a five-year television contract with the AFL for \$36 million], through my friendship with Sonny I've gotten to know something about football."

Sonny was born on St. Patrick's Day, and his favorite color is green. His Jet office has a green rug. *Jet Scream*, the team's house organ, which is given to such superlatives as JETS SIGN THE BEST, NAMATH, HUARTE LEAD THE PARADE, is printed in green ink. The team colors are green and white. When Sonny signed Namath he gave him a green Lincoln Continental.

Namath's magnetic quality, his "star" quality, impressed Werblin right away. "When Joe Namath walks into a

room," says Sonny, "you know he's there. When any other high-priced rookie walks in, he's just a nice-looking young man. It's like Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig or Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris." When Sonny actually signed Namath he said, "I don't know whether you'll play on our team or make a picture for Universal." If Namath had his way, he probably would do both. Away from the football field he comes across as a real ring-ding-a-ding finger-snapper, a girl ogler, a swingin' cat with dark good looks who sleeps till noon. His major interests are "girls and golf, girls and golf." Namath relishes the limelight and, for one reason or another, he always has been able to bask in it.

In high school in Beaver Falls, Pa., a steel-mill town of 16,240, Namath was celebrated as a star quarterback, a superb basketball guard, a crackerjack outfielder and a character. Once he drove a car up on the sidewalk because traffic was too slow. On another occasion, he climbed a 20-foot flagpole atop a three-story building to hoist a balloon celebrating a football victory. His old high school principal, upon hearing of his signing with the Jets, remarked, "I feel sorry for him. He will be racked up next fall like no one was ever racked up before."

Namath, whose parents are divorced, is "full-blooded Hungarian." He was the youngest son, and he shined shoes to help out. His first coach was his brother Bob, who had to forgo college to work in a mill. In high school Namath was such an outstanding baseball player that the Cubs offered him a \$50,000 bonus, which he turned down to go to Alabama on a football scholarship. Namath had the pro scouts so excited over his passing ability that he was marked "blue chip" in scouting reports even as a sophomore. He still needs 15 semester hours for his degree, a major in industrial arts with a minor in physical education, and overall he has a C average. "It's damn hard to go through college in four years and graduate," he says. "I don't know many boys who graduate in four years." In January he plans to resume his studies in Tuscaloosa.

Last January, after almost beating Texas in the Orange Bowl on one leg, Namath had an operation on his right knee to remove the torn cartilage that had plagued him through his senior year. There have been disquieting stories that he will not only be unable to play this year but must undergo another operation. "I can't tell you what I'll do tomorrow," Namath said recently. "Any athlete who has had a knee injury might get hurt again. But my leg's in good condition." But later he added, "I can't do right this season. People are going to be looking for so much. If I throw three touchdown passes, they'll say why didn't I throw four. If I throw four interceptions, I'll be shot at."

Namath and Huarte are contrasting types. Namath slouches; Huarte is ramrod-straight. Namath is easygoing. Huarte is reserved. Huarte wears conservative suits and rep ties. He is precise and analytical. He never does anything without a reason. "I think it makes good sense to approach things in an analytical way," he says. He happened to attend Notre Dame not just because of football—

"I didn't know if the football would turn out"—but because he wanted to study at a good major university. Similarly, he signed with the Jets instead of the Philadelphia Eagles for several reasons. "One, the total sum was the most attractive offer," he says. "Then there was New York versus Philadelphia for future employment. Then there was the type of team, the growth life of this club. Then there was the kind of coach and the kind of system that they have. And, of course, there was the spirit. There is tremendous spirit at Notre Dame and tremendous spirit around here. I like to play in front of fans who show appreciation for merits and demerits." During the off season Huarte will live in New York and attend graduate school in business. He reads *The Wall Street Journal* and is thinking of a career on the Street. "Football is a very important part of my life now," he says, measuring each word. "My main interest is to refrain from limiting my future."

Huarte, who is 22 (11 days older than Namath), was born in Orange County, Calif. He has four brothers and one sister. His father, who is of Basque descent, used to play minor-league baseball. Mrs. Huarte is of German descent. The Huartes own an orange and avocado ranch in Anaheim, and John threw oranges long before he ever threw a football. With all the graves around the house, open space was rare, and Huarte used to play football in a nearby cemetery. "I used the large markers as defensive halfbacks," he says, "and I practiced field goals with the only thing that resembled a goalpost, a family mausoleum with crosses at the ends. Any ball between them was good. Everything was great until one day I hooked one a little too much. You can still see where the cross broke off." At Mater Dei High School he was an outstanding quarterback. "John always was an excellent passer," says his old coach, Dick Coury, a onetime Notre Dame player. "However, his biggest asset was his attitude. He worked so hard that we used to have to chase him off the field."

Huarte came very close to not even getting on the field at Notre Dame. In his sophomore year he was injured, played only five minutes and failed to win his letter. In his junior year, when Hugh Devore was the interim coach, he played only 45 minutes and again failed to letter. When Ara Parseghian came to Notre Dame as coach in 1964, he told Huarte, "You're going to be my quarterback even if you throw 11 straight interceptions." As a result, Huarte won his letter, the Heisman Trophy and a pot of gold from Sonny Werblin.

Aside from an instinctive feeling that Namath will project better than Huarte in the star system he seeks to install at Shea Stadium, Werblin does not particularly care which boy wins the Jet quarterback job. The main thing is that the Jets hopefully will have their star while Sonny Werblin, the real star of the show, operates in the background, just as he always has done.

Born in Brooklyn, Werblin was the oldest of three boys and is now the only survivor. One brother, Theodore, was killed in an auto accident at 19; the youngest brother, Lee,

continued



Sonny photographed during his 70 years in show business. Sonny is shown here with some of his clients and friends. At top left, Werblin with a younger Liberace; center, a drink with his childhood friend, the late Marilyn Monroe; and Robert Q. Lewis, who is in the background with Traver French, Rosen and Mrs. Werblin look on, and large the late Cecil DeMille as Edgar Bergen looks and and last without a Garbo. Mc Carlin

QUEST FOR STARS Continued

died of a heart attack last month at 46. The father died when Sonny was only 14, and Sonny is the only member of his immediate family who has lived to see a son graduate from high school. When Werblin was only 30 he had a massive heart attack that sidelined him for a year. Then he bounced back, fatiguing only his doctors.

Sonny was raised in comfortable circumstances—his father was a partner in a paper-bag company—and he had the usual boyhood interests. He made a radio crystal set and built a boat that was too big to get out of the cellar. He was a good student and a fair athlete, playing center on a James Madison football team that lost only one game in two years. He was voted the handsomest boy in his graduating class, but he says, "You don't know what an ugly class we had."

Because of his father's death, Sonny gave up plans to go to Dartmouth and instead enrolled at Rutgers to be near home. At Rutgers he played lacrosse and football, briefly, and studied economics and journalism. He was an energetic campus correspondent. Indeed, in his junior year he was working for seven newspapers, including *The New York Times*, the *Sun*, the *American*, the *Journal* and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. On the side, he read copy for the New Brunswick, N.J., *Home News*. "I made so much money that they broke me up as a monopoly," he says. Upon graduation, he was offered a job by the *Times*, but the salary disappointed him. Moreover, his late father's partners had bought out the family interest in the company and Sonny, hankering to prove that he could do well in the field on his own, went to work for another paper-bag company. He worked in a mill and served as a salesman. "I was making \$17 a week," he recalls. "This was really the Depression, but at least I was doing something." One day in 1934 he had lunch with Jack Carney, a college chum (and older brother of Art Carney) and Carney introduced him to Harry Pinsley, a fraternity brother from Illinois. Sonny and Pinsley became friends, and Pinsley, who was working in the New York office of the Music Corporation of America, suggested Sonny go to work there. MCA, which had been founded in Chicago in 1924 by Dr. Jules Stein, an eye doctor, and Billy Goodheart, a piano player, represented bands for a flat 10% commission. Since Sonny was earning so little anyway and MCA sounded interesting, he went to work for Goodheart in New York as an office boy.

Goodheart hardly lived up to his name. Each morning he tried to beat Sonny into the office to berate him for being late. He would empty his inkwell out the window and break pencil points, then summon Sonny to hawl him out for not having the office ready. He also sent Sonny on a variety of fruitless errands. After four months of torture Werblin passed all the tests and went out on the road as a band boy for Guy Lombardo. Later on, when Sonny succeeded Goodheart, he adopted some of his techniques. He sent a new agent to Albany to sign a band leader. "I told him not to come back unless he signed him," Sonny says. "He never came back."

As a band boy, Sonny arranged for transportation and hotel reservations, had the musicians' uniforms cleaned and pressed, set up the instruments, laid out sheet music, checked the lighting and, above all, made certain that the band got its fair share of receipts. "When I started, being a theatrical agent was one of the lowest forms of humanity," Sonny says. "With MCA, there was no cheating of anybody. I soon learned how to judge the size of a house and to know that doors that were locked were really locked." Until he could get to a Western Union office, Sonny carried the receipts in \$1,000 bills in a money belt. On one occasion Lombardo's band was being taken by a local dance-hall promoter. "I knew we were getting swindled," Werblin says. "This promoter had relatives all over the place taking money. I went up to him—he was a great big man in shirt-sleeves and suspenders—and I asked, 'Can you change \$1,000 bills?' He said, 'Sure, son,' and he began emptying his pockets, which were full of money. I just grabbed what I could and ran for the bus."

Werblin did so well on the road that he was called back to New York and put to routing bands. Then he began dealing with nightclub and theater owners. He sold MCA to the Waldorf, then helped move MCA into the Plaza, the Commodore, Biltmore and Astor. He dealt with advertising agencies as MCA moved into radio. In 1941 Goodheart retired, and Sonny succeeded him as head of the New York office. He became a grocery and supermarket prowler, taking note of what goods were stocked where and why. He knew the problems of every client and, in the days of radio, when ad agencies were putting the programs together, such knowledge was handy. Werblin still prowls in supermarkets, and now that he owns the Jets he has become a stadium walker as well. A survey he had made of the parked cars at Shea Stadium revealed that the Jets draw heavily from northern New Jersey.

Throughout his multiple wheelings and dealings in TV, Sonny was a figure of mystery. He never gave interviews, but he was widely reputed to be the most powerful man in television. His feats were legend within the industry, but his name never came before the public unless news of a particular coup leaked out. In a rare story on him, a trade magazine, *Television*, put the value of his MCA stock holdings at \$11 million in 1961, and the magazine attempted to assess his role in TV by quoting anonymous executives. One summed up Sonny as a "smart, tough operator with the wiles of a CIA agent working undercover in the Kremlin." A former MCA employee attested to Sonny's stature within the company by noting that during a crap game at an MCA party Sonny's partners ran after the dice for him. In an article on MCA, which had now grown so large it was known as The Octopus in show business, *FORTUNE* reported that when Robert Sarnoff and NBC President Robert Kintner were puzzling over programs, Werblin came into the room, and without further ado Kintner said, "Sonny, look at the schedule for next season; here are the empty spots, you fill them." Although the story was denied, it

was an indication of the awe in which Werblin was held.

To Sarnoff, Sonny is the best he has ever met. "He represented the interests of his clients very well," Sarnoff says, "and at the same time had an appreciation of the needs of his customers." On one occasion, Sarnoff recalls, "we had a problem on Wednesday night, and Bob Kintner and I had a general idea on how to solve the problem. We came in to see Sonny to talk it out. Sonny indicated he might have a solution, and out of that came *Wagon Train*." A couple of years later, Sonny gave Sarnoff the idea for *The Virginian* when they accidentally happened to meet on a plane. When Sonny heard that CBS was having difficulty with Nat Hiken, a talented writer, he suggested that CBS have Hiken think up an idea for Phil Silvers. CBS agreed and put Hiken to work on the project. He came up with the *Bilko* series.

"Werblin could play both sides of the fence with effortless dexterity," *Variety* reported in its eulogy. "On many days, he would appear in the offices of each of the three network presidents—often selling programs which he had plotted to be scheduled opposite each other. . . . He was a masterful practitioner of the time-honored show biz dodge of starting a war and selling ammunition to all sides. When he supplied a network with a 'hit' such as Jack Benny or *My Three Sons*, he would make the web remember it by giving him still more business. When he sold a 'turkey,' he would make the network forget it by selling them other shows, quite often including the dud's replacement."

Because Werblin had helped supervise the original AFL football package that was sold to ABC five years ago, he had a good insight into the league. In the fall of 1962 he knew that the New York team, then called the Titans and owned by Harry Wisner, was in deep financial trouble. He suggested that MCA buy the team, but the company attorneys, wary of antitrust action, advised against it. The result was that Werblin and some of his Monmouth Park associates, Philip Iselin, Leon Hess and Townsend Martin—and Bowie Race Course President Donald Lillis—bought the team from bankruptcy court for \$1 million in the winter of 1963. "I figured any sports franchise in New York was worth \$1 million," says Sonny. "Now all these guys who say they saw the second Dempsey-Tunney fight say they almost bought the Jets."

All Sonny's friends predict great success. "Sonny can do no wrong," says Eleanor Holm. "He's astute. He's kind. He'd never throw anyone a curve. He's been in show business all his life, and he's got guts. He's going to make this football team the greatest of all time. Know why? He's got a flair!" Toots Shor says, "Sonny is a fighter. Always go, go, go! He's got some bum in him, too. Every good guy has got to have some bum in him. He is a fun guy and a hero worshiper. He loves sitting with Namath and Huarte. They are heroes to him. And brains, believe me, he has one helluva mind. He has handled the sports game like show business, getting it to the public. He knows the value of publicity."

continued

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QUEST FOR STARS

Vice-President Taft Schreiber of MCA says, "Sonny is the great judge of talent. I don't really care what the talent may be for. He can spot talent in any area. He has a nose for greatness."

In 1963, Werblin's first year of ownership, the Jets lost \$700,000. Last year they lost \$648,000. This year the Jets expect to make money. "The NFL owners try to perpetuate the idea that they are the richer, older league," says Werblin. "The NFL couldn't buy shoe polish from most of the owners in the AFL. Over there you have a bunch of jaded old guys who have been making a million a year on a gross of less than \$3 million and with no capital investment. The whole attitude of the National League is that they found it, it's theirs and no one else can get in it. They talk about us as a 'young' league—I think the National League attitude is immature. They won't talk to us. But heads of rival industries and companies, if honorable and decent men, talk to one another."

"I think a lot of this stuff about the National League being so far superior is a lot of bunk. I would say this—and this is a cold professional analysis, not my own—there are four teams in our league that can beat any team in their league. The answer to the scoffing is that the Dallas Cowboys and the Minnesota Vikings are about the same age as our league, and the Vikings may be the best team in the NFL. Buffalo has the best four front men in either league. Tom Seaver is probably as good a football player as there is in the country. We cut Johnny Contino, and he played for the Giants the same season. In building this ball club I didn't want to feast on anything that had the air of expediency. It would have been very easy for me to hire a lot of ex-Giants. But I said to Weeb [Weebank, the coach], 'Let's build a new organization.' Actually, I have not been terribly interested in what the Giants do. I liken the New York franchise in the AFL to the Yankees in the 1920s."

All Sonny needs is a Babe Ruth, a star. "What do I want?" he asks. "The best football team in America. Without being gung-ho, the city deserves it—and I want it."

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

CINCINNATI (4-2) and LOS ANGELES (4-4) came to the All-Star break virtually tied for first place. The Reds and Dodgers scored 21 runs apiece in their three-game series, but the Reds won twice and knocked the Dodgers out of the lead for the first time since May 4. Cincinnati shortstop Leo Cardenas settled the rubber game with a home run in the bottom of the ninth. The Reds, who hit .321 for the week, tagged dodger stars Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax for 19 hits and 11 runs in 11 innings. All-Star Second Baseman Pete Rose was picked up by police at 4:30 a.m. after going through a red light and driving without a license. He was fined \$13.50 by the court and a reported \$250 by Manager Dick Saler. The Dodgers' Maury Wills continued to drive the opposition crazy with his alert base running. Against Cincinnati, he doubled but remained safely at second on a fly to right because, as he told Pete Rose, "I can steal third." Sure enough, he promptly stole third and subsequently scored on a passed ball. Against Pittsburgh, Maury angled, then scrambled headlong back to first base on three straight pickoff throws from pitcher Don Cardwell. Seconds later he scored all the way from first on Jim Gilliam's hit after he deceived Willie Stargell into throwing behind him to second base. RICHMOND (5-3) pulled closer to the top as Jim Bunning pitched two five-hit victories and Chris Short won his sixth straight on Clay Dalrymple's home run. Richie Allen silenced the jeers with a grand-slam homer to beat SAN FRANCISCO (3-4). Jack Sanford started successive games for the Giants, lasted a total of 3 1/2 innings and lost twice. Roberto Clemente of PITTSBURGH (3-6) rode

20-game hitting streak to a .338 average and, momentarily, the league lead. "Clemente and Ted Williams are the only batters I've seen who get good wood on the ball every time," said Pirate Coach Johnny Pesky. Hank Aaron hit four home runs for MILWAUKEE (3-3), but only Ken Johnson—two victories—priced well. Hal Woodeshick and rookie Don Defino stabilized the ST. LOUIS (3-4) bullpen, and Bill White returned from a heel injury, but the Cardinals remained erratic. NEW YORK (2-3) had a 9-1 record for Monday games after Ron Swoboda's home runs beat CHICAGO (4-3) in a doubleheader. The Cubs' Bob Buhl demanded to be traded and Ron Santo grumbled when he was dropped from the cleanup spot, but Manager Lou Kison said, "No player on this club runs things or tells me what to do." JOHNSON, 13-21, in a three-way fight with the Cubs and Cardinals for seventh place, moved 10 1/2 games ahead of the last-place Mets. The Astros were passed by 21-year-old rookie Second Baseman Joe Morgan, a left-handed batter who had seven home runs in 10 games. Morgan "tried to go to left field" early in the year and was hitting only .228 on June 11 when he decided to change his approach and pull the ball. He was .35 for 89 after that and raised his average to .274. Last week Morgan went 6 for 6, including two homers, on Thursday, tripled with the bases loaded to beat New York on Friday and hit two more home runs Saturday as the Astros won their ninth game in 10 starts against the Mets. Only 5 feet 7 inches and 150 pounds, Morgan says, "My power is in my wrists. I'm not very strong." Says Manager Luman Harris, "If Morgan doesn't get the Rookie of the Year award, they ought to quit giving it."

plate—scoring only 14 runs in eight games and being shut out three straight games. Pitcher Sam McDowell beat himself twice: once with a wild throw post first base, another time with a wild pitch. Stu Miller of WASHINGTON (6-1) saved three games in relief, while Ron Kline of WASHINGTON (4-3) saved two and won two others. Miller had allowed only three runs in his last 34 2/3 innings. Kline had nine straight scoreless relief appearances, 15 saves and a 4-1 record. Mickey Lolich of DETROIT (5-3) was rapped for 13 hits in 6 1/2 innings while losing to New York on Monday but came back to beat the Yankees on five hits Thursday. "They got all whacked out swinging on me Monday," said Lolich. Don Demeter's major-league record for consecutive errorless games by an outfielder ended at 286. Vic Power of LOS ANGELES (6-2) twice beat Cleveland with two-out singles. Marcelino Lopez (9-7) shut out the Indians on two hits, had won eight of his nine games in Chavez Ravine. CINCINNATI (3-4) Manager Al Lopez described everything as "bad," could not understand what had happened to pitching ace Gary Peters and Joe Horlen. Clete Beyer home runs won two games for NEW YORK (3-6), and Whitney Ford won his 10th game before losing to Minnesota. For eight road dates the Yankees attracted 248,757. Vice-President Hubert Humphrey watched ASTROS (1-6) lose, laughed when asked if the Red Sox qualified for the Poverty Program. SAN FRANCISCO (1-6) ended its losing streak at eight. Old Drum—a German shortshoed pointer—escaped from Finky's Zoo (page 36) in the middle of a game and meddled in a play at second base, but not even Old Drum could help the Athletics.

BEST AT GETTING ON BASE*

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Appearances	On Base	Percentage
Stays SF (328)	275	134	.412
Allen PHC (378)	363	140	.420
McGee SF (310)	219	129	.494
Tate RF (311)	295	138	.293
Aaron 2B (327)	312	175	.348
Morgan 2B (301)	253	138	.303
Robison RF (274)	375	144	.384
Wynn RF (295)	322	128	.398
Felix LF (305)	266	126	.372
Royce PHC (302)	298	111	.372

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Tatkenzelski 2B (348)	230	.55	.458
Maubila 2B (306)	327	.517	.461
Coltsen 2B (295)	320	.502	.466
Falmer 2B (305)	297	.520	.464
Bishop RF (273)	248	.58	.387
Thomas 2B (307)	336	.576	.395
McKuliffe 2B (288)	231	.524	.375
Hall RF (305)	312	.518	.374
Arneson 2B (302)	256	.56	.369
Killebrew RF (264)	232	.513	.365

AMERICAN LEAGUE

MENARDIA (17-1) took to a five-game lead behind a nine-game win streak, eight errorless games in a row, strong pitching by Jim Perry and Dave Boswell and timely hitting by Jimmie Hall and Harmon Killebrew. Starting for the first time in 13 months, Perry shut out Boston and stopped New York without an earned run in eight innings. A Minneapolis winter criticized Manager Sam Mele for starting the 20-year-old Boswell in a 17-4 loss to Chicago, saying: "You can't send a boy on a man's errand." Boswell, a first-year player with a 6-4 record and 3.25 ERA, blasted the writer verbally, then whipped Boston and New York in successive starts. Hall was 13 for 30, and Killebrew hit a ninth-inning, two-out, two-run homer to beat New York. Tied for first a week ago, CLEVELAND (12-6) slumped miserably at the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOE MORGAN



*Through July 18

FOR
THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

ARCHERY—**BILL BEDNAR** of Anfield, Ohio led his team by far for fourth in the final round to win his second Professional Archers Association national championship in three years at Detroit. In the women's division **MARLENE TILGNER** of Springfield, Ohio led through all four rounds, set a tournament record for women of 1,175 points, and a tournament record of 284 in taking her shot again.

300-YARD RACE—Morrison H. Engel's 40-foot yawl *HUSKY-BESS* from Mammoth, N.Y. won the 300-yard Marblehead (Mass.) vs. Haddam (Conn.) race with a corrected time of 45 hours, 10 minutes, 1 second, 27 1/2 miles and 16 seconds ahead of the 37-foot yawl *South Sea*. *Score*.

ROWING The Rausburg rowing club of "Base Germany" were one up on its Olympic and Herby rivals, the Vesper Row Club of Philadelphia with a six-man victory on the Rausburgers' home waters, the Kachemak Lake. (A)

HARY ARDU eight pulled away from the Red Mornat Argo boat of Yugoslavia in the last 500 meters to win the 2,000-meter freestyle race of Lipton's Red Lake Regatta by one-length of a length. The winning time was 5:55.34. The DUKLA PRARHA CLUB of Czechoslovakia won the team-with-oars event in 6:18.52, leaving the Husky winner.

SHAWING—DEAN AYCO #1-year-old gymnotus-block manufacturer of Bedford, Ohio scored 8,241 points in seven days of competition to win the U.S.-Canadian Championship. Ayco finished 17 points behind Hans Grosse of Germany. Two foreigners are not eligible for the title.

WOMEN The RICHLEYS from Big D charge the singles tables at the Western Open tournament in Midwayville. Cliff Hill (left) beat Dennis Radford, the defending champion, 6-3, 6-3 in the final. Sam, 22, overcame Caroline Caldwell-Karabarb of Berkeley, Calif., 1-6, 6-0. Europe's leading player, MANUEL SANTANA of Spain, a clay-court specialist, upset Wimbledon champion Roy Emerson in straight sets 6-1, 6-1, 6-1. The women's singles was won by the Czechoslovakian, Hana Mandlikova, 6-1, 6-1. In reaching the final Sam and Cliff also defeated Australia's No. 2 man, Fred Stolle, 6-1, 3-6, 6-4. Nick and Emerson pulled themselves together to take the doubles from Sam and Cliff, 6-1, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD Australia's winning distance runner **RON CLEARKE**, who has already set four world marks this year, broke the 11-minute barrier for

these rules at the AAA Championships in London. His time of 12 minutes 52.6 seconds lowered his all-pending mark, set only a month ago in Los

Angles, in eight full seconds. Nineteen-year-old Gerry Lindgren craved right behind Clarke for 2½ miles but when he challenged at that point (the Australian accelerated) ran a 56-second 1½ lap and went on away. Lindgren finished second, 80 yards back, but his 13:04.2 set an American course record. Clarke was in a class by himself, making a

and a challenge (two years earlier in the wars, the winning but unsuccessful attempt in Oslo to better Michel Jary's new 3,000-meter time, and the other in Stockholm, a fast 5,000 meters in 13 minutes 26.4 seconds, only six-tenths of a second off his own world mark).

PETER SNELL, announced early in the week that he would retire if he did not win the 1,500-meter run at the International Kosciuszko Memorial meet in Prague but changed his mind after finishing third in 1:42.6. "I will continue to run and I am not going to quit before I reach my top form again," he said. The Prague 1,500 was Snell's ninth straight loss.

LEGISLATION SIGNED Into law by Governor John N. Demers, of Connecticut, a bill passed by large margins in both houses of the state's legislature to bar pharmaceutical billing until a contract under federal regulation.

SHELVED: For one year by the International Law Commission, a Russian proposal to equalize the rights of men and women in the workplace.

South Africa loses the operation because of its white-only membership policy. The ILEF Committee of Management will hold negotiations with the two South African tennis associations, white and non-white, in an attempt to bring about a merger during the year.

DIED Last: RONALD ZINN, 26, 1982 graduate of West Point and now a member of U. S. Air Corps, staffs of aircraft stationed in combat north of Saigon, Vietnam. Zinn's wife-plus-friend in the 20th-century (1979) makes work at Tel Aviv has been war.

the bus by an American in 40 years and his race (1:52.43) was the fastest ever walked by an American. In addition, at his death he held American records for the indoor one mile and for the outdoor two, three, four and five miles and the 4,000 metres.

DHD: DICK WILSON 62 golf course architect, of palmiers, cypresses in Seaside Beach, Fla. Among his best-liked courses are Pine Tree and the two PGA courses in Palm Beach, Fla.; Doral in Miami; and Laurel Valley in Layton, Pa.; site of

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FACES IN THE CROWD



78

THE READERS TAKE OVER

OFF THE MARK

Sirs

In the post I have been opposed to the interference of the Federal Government in sports such as baseball and hockey. However, because of the present infatuation, ridiculous and confusing feud between the AAU and NCAA regarding track and field, I feel that action by an outside agency is necessary. Because of this feud, one of the world's best distance runners, Gerry Lindgren, who is now competing abroad, faces possible loss of a college scholarship and may even be giving up a position on the 1968 Olympic team (*Fast Teenagers in Grown-up Time*, July 5).

For years the amateur regulations pertaining to track and field athletes in this country have been outdated. An amateur golfer is permitted to compete among professionals without endangering his amateur status. The New York Yankees play an annual exhibition game of baseball with the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, yet none of the cadets is declared a professional. An Olympic hurdler who is married on a daytime television program, on the other hand, is stripped of his amateur status.

Cheers for Gerry Lindgren! His courage to place his country above the possible loss of a scholarship because of the silly quarreling of two groups should be praised by all sports fans. If he is deprived of his scholarship, the members of the group should hang their heads in shame.

EDWARD G. CURRALL

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sirs

As one of a great number of young American distance-running fans, I read with great interest and pleasure your article on the AAU meet in San Diego. But I was appalled

at the statement that Jimmy Ryan runs 20 quarters in 50 split seconds each. Even the freshest on the champion Monte Vista cross-country team know that means he should be able to run a 3.10 mile or a 1.40 half. Cancel my subscription and call me a golf fan if I'm wrong.

RON LARL

La Mesa, Calif.

■ Ryan's quarters suffered from typographical inflation; they actually were worth 59 seconds.—E.D.

COVER BOYS

Sirs

In your June 3, 1965 issue you stated that Mickey Mantle was the most exciting, explosive figure in baseball. In your September 10 issue of the same year you said there was no better baseball player in the world. Now your latest boast is that he has been on your cover seven times—more than any other baseball player (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, June 21). With no disrespect intended toward Mantle, I think that Willie Mays is the greatest ballplayer around. So how many times has he been on your cover?

RICHARD O'CONNOR

Washburn, Iowa

■ I our Twice by himself, once with Leo Durocher and Laraine Day (below), and once with Mantle and six other members of the 1958 All-Stars—F.D.

MIXED DOUBLE

Sirs

As a lifelong amateur weekend tennis player, a father of three boys, a podiatrist and a reader of your magazine, I feel qualified and even compelled to comment on

continued

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two stories in your July 5 issue, the one by Bill Talbert and the one about the Richeys.

Mr. Talbert obviously takes to the court with the objective of defeating his opponent, as his record shows. But the purpose of his game, as he mentions in the last sentence of his article, *How to Serve and Win*, is to have fun. Talbert—like many others—was able to become a nationally ranked tennis player and still retain a sense of proportion and balance in his life. A blinding desire to defeat his opponent apparently did not warp his character so as to make him entirely useless off the tennis court.

But what of Cliff Richey, the high school dropout described in the following article, *The Highest-Ranking Faddis in Tennis*? What will be when he can no longer walk over everyone on the other side of the net? Will his collection of tin cups make up for his total inability to do anything more constructive than hit a tennis ball? What about the thousands of others like him, strange youths so caught up in the whirl of competitive athletics and driven by parents and coaches who are unwilling to settle for second best? The states of families, schools, universities, cities and now even nations has been placed upon the thin shoulders of these kids who no doubt want to win but probably want even more to have fun. What will be the price we will be asked to pay for our indiscretions?

ALVIN H. FELMAN, M.D.

Media, Pa.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Bill Talbert's article on serving and Frank Deford's fine story about the Richey family. However, concerning the Richey article, I am not certain what impression the majority of your readers came away with. On one hand, Mr. Deford lauds the Richeys for their united passion to become the best players in the world but, on the other, he leaves me with the feeling that George Richey may be too much of a dictator in his attempt to gain a No. 1 ranking for Cliff and Nancy.

Having known the Richeys during the time that Cliff and Nancy were just starting to play the game and having been fortunate enough to be a pupil of George's, I can say without reservation that he is the finest teacher of the game that I have ever known. His dedication to excellence should not be used as an indictment against him. In fact, if all of us, regardless of our professions, were willing to give 200% of all of the time, this world would be a little better place to live in.

J. S. PARKE

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the section on tennis. I especially liked the story by Frank

Deford concerning the Richey family. I think Cliff Richey will soon be the No. 1 tennis player in the U.S. I had the privilege of seeing him play in the Sugar Bowl tennis tournament in New Orleans, which he won. He plays terrifically, but he has a terrible temper. I know, I was a bull boy at the tournament.

ROBERT CIVEROS

New Orleans

DAYLIGHT SAVING

Sirs:

I must take issue with you on your editorial, "Test Case" (SCORECARD, July 5). The USGA is led by dedicated men who do not like to see traditions halved. I am sure that in their hearts these men who donate their time for the benefit of organized golf did not want to alter the format of the U.S. Open. However, you have approached the problem from the wrong side. Television has increased the amount of money now being awarded; consequently, the men playing for this money are being more deliberate—and slower—in their play. Thus, it becomes a physical impossibility to have the entire Open field play 36 holes in one day. There is just not enough daylight.

J. DAVID BINSCHER, D.D.S.

Baltimore

Sirs:

How can you write such an article on the U.S. Open without considering the perfectly logical explanation for the change in format? It took Gary Player and Kel Nagle more than four hours to play off 18 holes, with no other competitors on the course. In past years we saw that players like Ben Hogan and Ken Venturi were barely able to finish the 36 holes in one day. Who wants to witness more of that?

MARIAN HARPER

Stockton, Calif.

● The USGA has a perfectly simple remedy for slow play. It has the power to tell dawdlers to hurry up—and to penalize them if they do not.—ED.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE

Sirs:

I can't help but disagree with your ideas concerning the National Hockey League's expansion plans (SCORECARD, July 5). It is very obvious that there are not enough good hockey players to go around for even six teams. Look at Boston and New York, which always finish last. I suggest that, until the quality of the present six-team league has become "big league," Mr. Campbell do nothing to upset the situation.

BILL MARK WORTH

Des Plaines, Ill.

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Praise for Kayaks from a Contented Paddler

The decked canoe, once a curiosity to all but Eskimos, has become a pleasure craft of many uses in river and sea by JOHN PAZERESKIS

My first experience with a kayak was on the spring-maddened waters of a Colorado river. The experience lasted until the first "haystack," when the kayak and I parted company to continue separate paths down the stream. It should have confirmed my belief that kayaks were only for Eskimos stalking polar bear among Arctic ice floes and mysteriously equipped by nature to stay afloat in those fragile little vessels. Yet that first short voyage hooked me. In the years since then I have learned rather a lot about kayaks, though I don't claim to be in the same class as Nanook of the North.

A kayak basically is a decked canoe. Some experts maintain that to qualify as a kayak, the boat must be fabric covered, but in this day of fiber glass and plywood I believe it saves confusion to classify all decked canoes as kayaks whether they are folding or rigid, fabric or solidly skinned. Kayaks are designed as one- or two-man vehicles (singles or doubles), and either kind will usually carry an extra passenger for short distances if that passenger is small and loyal. Doubles supply company but require high skill in synchronization of the paddlers. Singles are easier to manipulate, but a bit lonely. If you do need company in your aquatic endeavors, perhaps the best solution is two singles paddling in company.

Kayaks are generally propelled with double paddles, the paddler sitting snugly in the bottom of the boat. The clue to success here is the "snugly." If the paddler is given proper hip, back, knee and foot support, if he doesn't have to fight to avoid sliding about, he becomes one with the boat. With its crew properly docked, a kayak is very difficult to upset because of the low, nonsliding center of gravity that the seated paddler provides. Comparison to the high kneeling weight of a paddler in the standard canoe should illustrate the difference and serve to explain the heroic voyages that

kayaks have sometimes accomplished.

Facilities for storage and travel and the use to which you will put your kayak dictate to some extent the type of kayak you use. If you dwell in a cave high above the bustling city or qualify as a starving student without garage and automobile, then a fabric-covered, folding kayak is your best bet. I have pitched my folded kayak into railroad baggage cars all over Europe and been happily received. In this country I have hitchhiked and ridden buses with the thing, but for the latter means of transport, a tough skin and the ability to stare with dark Slavic intensity at the driver while paying your fare is a helpful adjunct to success. The fabric-covered folding kayak is generally lighter than its rigid counterpart and, with its slightly flexible frame, is held by some to be better able to endure the shocks of white-water paddling (remember, that lovely white stuff is caused by rocks). For long-distance paddling, the lightness of the folding kayak is offset by the increased wetted surface formed when the water pressure forces the fabric in between the longerons. A kayak moves at low speeds, and skin friction caused by wetted surface comprises about 75% of the total resistance of the boat. Hence the popularity of rigid kayaks, which retain their shape even in long and strenuous traveling.

The best kayak for a beginner is generally called the sport model. Many people prefer sponsors, but others feel safe with air bladders for flotation for that capsize which they hope will never occur. Do not, in any size, get a kayak with much over 30 inches of beam (28 is about standard). Wider, and it will be a heist.

The most pedestrian use of a kayak is as a physical-fitness machine. This may involve humiliating preliminaries. First, look down at your waistline. Then have your wife or girl count the number of push-ups, sit-ups and chin-ups you can do. Contemplate your lost youth for a moment.



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moment, then run down to the shore and climb (delicately) into your kayak. Set off at a brisk pace directly into the wind, keeping a strong stroke in time to a good chant like, "Strength through joy! Strength through joy! Strength through ... aarg... joy!"

When totally exhausted, let the kayak drift downwind back toward your starting point. Lean back. Enjoy the scenery. Rest. A small boy will swim alongside and query, "Hey, Mister, What kinda funny boat is that?" Don't try to beat him to death with the paddle. He will grab it and capture you. Draw yourself erect and in grave tones tell him, "My son, I am a naturalist, and this is a vessel for naturalistic research. Please leave, as you are disturbing my studies." The word "studies" will send him thrashing off at least for the time being, and you will have discovered one of the reasons a sane man uses a kayak: to enjoy nature.

For the naturalist or just plain nature lover, the kayak is a day boat par excellence. Its ability to go where other boats

won't—and to do it quietly and with little disturbance—is a sheer delight. In my youth (last year) I was possessed of a vivid imagination, and it took little effort to transform the narrow creeks along which my kayak and I glided into tropical streams, the bordering cornfields into lush vegetation. In the shade of a willow a lazy bass and my paddle did frantic battle. Turtles stared haughty at me from nearby logs, and frogs goggled from their mudbanks. In virtually inaccessible places, I have stealthily stalked a mallard and her oblivious brood and sometimes played *snare* during the mating of herons.

This ability to approach inaccessible places finds obvious welcome in those who would catch, trap, shoot, snare and generally capture rather than observe wildlife. Hunters appreciate the ability to slide spryly over lily pads, woods, reeds and rushes rather than stagger, stomp, stumble, push, pull and bash through them.

In another realm, nearer to yachting,

the kayak serves as an inexpensive cruiser. Occasionally in America and frequently in Europe, kayaks are used along streams and rivers and the edges of the sea as beach cruisers. Their owners go ashore each night to set up camp.

Unlike most small craft, the kayak, with its great maneuverability and virtually watertight spray apron, is, under experienced hands, quite safe in even sizable surf. For this reason kayaks have been used for years in certain parts of the country (notably the Gulf Coast) for sport fishing off exposed beaches. Getting out through the surf entails getting wet, but done correctly, it is an exhilarating adjunct to the day's fishing—and it saves the time and expense of a long boat trip down a coast barren of harbors.

Surf can also be an end in itself. I have spent many afternoons running surf just for the thrills it affords. You paddle out just beyond the surf line and wait for a big one to approach. Some people count every ninth wave, but I always get confused and have to just

continued



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A black and white photograph of a hand holding several brochures. The brochures are fanned out, showing various titles related to heart health. The titles visible are: 'RHEUMATIC FEVER AND RHEUMATIC HEART DISEASE', 'varicose veins', 'high blood pressure (hypertension)', 'strokes (a guide for the family)', 'heart attack', 'facts about congestive heart failure', and 'HEART ASSOCIATION'. The hand is wearing a ring on the ring finger. The background is dark.

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Praise for Kayaks *continued*

watch. As it comes, you dig in and start quartering it. Then, as the wave takes hold, you sit back amidst the spray and foam and, frozen with fear, enjoy the rush back to the beach. (A little advice to the beginner: try this first of all in a relatively dispassionate surf. Never, never try it in cold water.) Approaching the beach is where things get a tiny bit hairy. The whole trick of the thing is to get off the crest before it dumps you onto the sand. What you want to do is get the bow of the boat swung back out toward the crest, so that after the wave has hissed by, you are ready to paddle back out to sea to wait for the next one. This maneuver is accomplished by the simple expedient of digging in with the seaward paddle, thus causing the kayak to lose way and pivot rapidly into the face of the wave. In practice it usually involves a blind frenzied thrust with the paddle, followed by a tremendous feeling of having conquered the wild forces of nature, followed by a sheet frantic swim in water that somehow seems colder than it did 10 minutes ago.

The maneuverability and seaworthiness that make the kayak a decent surf vehicle are the same qualities that suit it for the white-water kayaking. Most parts of the country possess white-water streams, if only in the spring (Kansas, where I am now teaching, seems to be a notable exception); and, even if only to tell your grandchildren that you did it in your fee youth, you must try it. At least once. Here you have all the thrills of surfing combined with the added pleasures of rocks, snags and occasional waterfalls: minor ones if you have planned well.

Kayaks are not primarily designed for sailing (there are some aspects of designing for optimum performance in paddling that are incompatible with good sailing), and trying to beat a kayak into a chop can be a heartbreaking experience. But off the wind they slip smoothly along with little disturbance. This ability can make for a delightful lazy afternoon and can perhaps be best enjoyed on a coastal cruise, when, late in the day, with shoulders beginning to feel the strain of paddling, you decide to see what lies beyond the next headland.

Because the crew comprises such a large percentage of the total displacement of a kayak, a fine shifting of weight keeps it sailing upright even in strong

winds. The little boats are surprisingly stable in this respect, too stable for some blood. If you find yourself in this predicament, you can follow the lead of an old friend of mine, Charlie, a philosopher who will remain surnameless to protect his reputation for sanity in the classroom. Finding his sailing rig too tame, Charlie cleared a hole in the skis, books, magazines, papers, Porsche parts and paddles that littered the apartment we shared. He then proceeded to fill this hole with yards and yards of cotton cloth which he industriously cut and pinned during several evenings that should have been spent writing a paper on Kant. A young lady of cunning domestic skill was then bribed with wine and candlelight into taking the mess away to her sewing machine. While she sewed, my philosopher labored on. Kant remained in exile, and I stared fascinated from my perch at the typewriter where I was supposed to be writing the Great American Play which would get me a master's degree in drama. It was like watching someone do a very large jigsaw puzzle. Charlie cut and sanded. He fastened blocks and rove lines. He fashioned a crude sliding seat from plans supplied by an anonymous canoe expert. At last the parts were finished and the cotton rescued from the girl and turned into a sail of sorts.

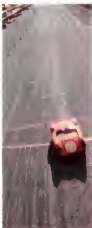
Put together, the parts formed the greatest, fastest, most marvelous, most overcanvased kayak man had ever built. With it Charlie would (he said) skim over the waters of the park lagoon majestically seated at the end of his sliding seat, disdainfully passing all who might dare to challenge his might. It was grand. Charlie was ready.

I missed the day: my presence was required at a matinee of *Romeo and Juliet* given for the nuns. I do not know exactly what happened. No eyewitnesses ever came forward to enlighten me. All I know was that Charlie came home late that evening, Ondine-like, with a wisp of lagoon in his hair. He dragged the sodden smashed remnants of the rig into the apartment and fell into a coma on the couch. His eyes remained starkly open, his quivering mouth mumbled words of blinding speed and Olympian exhilaration and something about a miscalculation at a bridge. He never spoke of it after that. It was too painful. The grand kayak was never rebuilt. But the idea lingers on. The idea lingers. . . . **END**



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